J. Basire Sculp.

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THE

LYING LOVER:

OR, THE

LADIES FRIENDSHIP.

A

COMEDY.

By Sir *RICHARD STEELE.*

Hæc nôsse salus est adolescentulis. Ter.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

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MDCCLXIV.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

OLD *Bookwit.*	Captain *Griffin.*
Young *Bookwit.*	Mr. *Wilks.*
Lovemore.	Mr. *Mills.*
Frederick.	Mr. *Toms.*
Latine.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Storm.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Charcoal.	Mr. *Bullock.*

WOMEN.

Penelope.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Victoria.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Betty.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Lettice.	Mrs. *Lucas.*

Conſtables, Watch, Turnkey, Cookmaid, and ſeveral Goal-birds.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 22 35 MAR

PROLOGUE.

ALL the commanding Powers that awe Mankind
Are in a trembling Poet's Audience join'd,
Where ſuch bright Galaxies of Beauty ſit,
And at their Feet aſſembled Men of Wit:
Our Author therefore owns his deep Deſpair
To entertain the Learned or the Fair;
Yet hopes that both will ſo much be his Friends;
To pardon what he does, for what h'intends;
He aims to make the coming Action move
On the dread Laws of Friendſhip and of Love;
Sure then he'll find but very few ſevere,
Since there's of both ſo many Objects here.
He offers no groſs Vices to your Sight;
Thoſe too much Horror raiſe for juſt Delight;
And to detain th' attentive knowing Ear,
Pleaſure muſt ſtill have ſomething that's ſevere.
If then you find our Author treads the Stage,
With juſt regard to a reforming Age;
He hopes, he humbly hopes, you'll think there's due
Mercy to him, for Juſtice done to you.

EPILOGUE.

OUR too advent'rous Author ſoar'd To-night
Above the little Praiſe, Mirth to excite,
And choſe with Pity to chaſtiſe Delight.
For Laughter's a diſtorted Paſſion, born
Of ſudden Self-Eſteem, and ſudden Scorn;
Which when 'tis o'er, the Men in Pleaſure wiſe,
Both him that mov'd it, and themſelves, deſpiſe:
While generous Pity of a painted Woe
Makes us ourſelves both more approve and know.
What is that Truth within, which Nature gave
For Man, to Man, e'er Fortune made a Slave?
Sure it deſcends from that dread Power alone
Who levels Thunder from his awful Throne,
And ſhakes both Worlds——yet hears the Wretched groan.
'Tis what the ancient Sage could ne'er define,
Wonder'd——and call'd; Part human, Part divine:
'Tis that pure Joy, which guardian Angels know,
When timely they aſſiſt their Care below;
When they the Good protect, the Ill oppoſe;
'Tis what our Sovereign feels, when ſhe beſtows,
Which gives her glorious Cauſe ſuch high Succeſs,
That only on the Stage you ſee Diſtreſs.

THE

THE
LYING LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Young Bookwit *and* Latine.

LATINE.

BUT have you utterly left *Oxford?*

Y. Book. For ever, Sir, for ever; my father has given me leave to come to town, and I don't queſtion but will let my return be in my own choice—But, *Jack*, you know we were talking in *Maudline* walks laſt week of the neceſſity, in intrigues, of a faithful, yet a prating ſervant—We agreed therefore to caſt lots who ſhould be the other's footman for the preſent expedition—Fortune, that's always blind, gave me the ſuperiority.

Lat. She ſhall be call'd no more ſo, for that one action: and I am, Sir, in a literal ſenſe, your very humble ſervant—

Y. Book. Begin then the duty of an uſeful valet, and flatter me egregiouſly—Has the fellow fitted me? How is my manner? my mien? Do I move freely? Have I kicked off the trammels of a gown? Or does not the tail on't ſeem ſtill tuck'd under my arm, where my hat is? with pert jirk forward, and little hitch in my gait like a ſcholaſtick beau?—This wig, I fear looks like a cap.

Lat. No, faith, it looks like a cap and gown too? tho' at the ſame time you look as if you ne'er had worn either—

Y. Book But my ſword—does it hang careleſs?—do I look bold, negligent, and erect? that is, do I look as if I could kill a man without being out of humour?

I horribly miſtruſt myſelf—Am I military enough in my air? I fancy people ſee I underſtand *Greek*. Don't I pore a little in my viſage?—Han't I a down bookiſh lour? a wiſe ſadneſs?—I don't look gay enough and unthinking, I fancy.

Lat. I proteſt you wrong yourſelf:—You look very briſk, and very ignorant.

Y. Book. Oh fie—I am afraid you flatter me.

Lat. I don't indeed—I'll be hang'd if my tutor would know either of us—But, good maſter, to what uſe do you deſign to put the noble arts and ſciences he taught us—The conduct of our lives, the government of our paſſions, were his daily talk to us, good man?

Y. Book. Good man? Why I'll obey his precepts, but abridge 'em—For as he uſed to adviſe me, I'll contract my thoughts—as I'll tell you, *Jack*—For the paſſions, I'll turn them all into that one dear paſſion, love; and when that's the only torture of my heart, I'll give that tortured heart quite away, deny there's any ſuch thing as pain, and turn *Stoick* a ſhorter way than e'er thy tutor taught thee—This is the new philoſophy, you Rogue you———

Lat. But you would not in earneſt be thought wholly illiterate?

Y. Book. No; for as when I walk, I'd have you know by my motion I can dance; ſo when I ſpeak I'd have you ſee I read—yet would ordinarily neither cut capers, nor talk ſentences—But you prate as if I came to town to get an employment;—No; hang buſineſs—hang care, let it live and proſper among the men—I'll ne'er go near the ſolemn ugly things again—I'll keep company with none but Ladies—bright Ladies—Oh *London! London!* Oh Woman! Woman! I am come where thou liveſt, where thou ſhineſt.

Lat. Hey-day! why, were there no women in *Oxford?*

Y. Book. No, no; why, do you think a bed-maker's a woman?

Lat. Yes, and thought you knew it.

Y. Book. No, no, 'tis no ſuch thing—As he that is not honeſt or brave is no man; ſo ſhe that is not witty or fair is no woman—No, no, *Jack*—to come up to that high

high name, and object of deſire—She muſt be gay and chaſte, ſhe muſt at once attract, and baniſh you—I don't know how to expreſs myſelf—but a woman methinks is a being between us and angels—She has ſome hing in her that at the ſame gives awe and invitation; and I ſwear to you I was never out on't yet—But I always judged of men, as I obſerved they judged of women: there is nothing ſhews a man ſo much as the object of his affections—But what do you ſtare at ſo conſiderately?

Lat. Faith, Sir, I am wondering at you—how 'tis poſſible you could be ſo janty a town-ſpark in a moment, and have ſo eaſy a behaviour—I look methinks to you, as if I were really your footman——

Y. Book. Why, if you're ſerious in what you ſay—I owe it wholly to the indulgence of an excellent father, in whoſe company I was always free, and unconſtrain'd—But what's this to ladies, *Jack*, to ladies—I was going to tell you I had ſtudy'd 'em, and know how to make my approaches to 'em by contemplating their frame, their inmoſt temper—I don't ground my hopes on the ſcandalous tales and opinions your wild fellows have of 'em—Fellows that are but mere bodies—Machines—which at beſt can but move gracefully—No, I draw my pretences from philoſophy, from nature—

Lat, You'll give us by and by a lecture over your miſtreſs: you can diſſect her.

Y. Book. That I can indeed, and have ſo accurately obſerved on woman, that I can know her mind by her eye, as well as her doctor ſhall her health by her pulſe—I can read approbation through a glance of diſdain—Can ſee when the Soul is divided by a ſparkling tear that twinkles and betrays the heart; a ſparkling tear's the dreſs and livery of love—Of love made up of hope, and fear, of joy and grief——

Lat. But what have the wars to do with all this? Why muſt you needs commence ſoldier all of a ſudden?

Y. Book. Were't not a taking compliment with my college face and phraſe t'accoſt a lady—Madam, I bring your ladyſhip a learned heart, one newly come from the Univerſity—If you want definitions, axioms, and arguments, I am an able ſchool-man—I have read *Ariſtotle* twice over, compared his jarring commentators too, examined all the famous peripateticks, know where the

Scotiſts and the Nominals differ: This certainly muſt needs enchant a Lady.

Lat. This is too much on th' other ſide.

Y. Book. The name of a ſoldier bids you better welcome: 'Tis valour and feats done in the field a man ſhould be cried up for—nor is't ſo hard to atchieve.

Lat. The fame of it, you mean—

Y. Book, Yes; and that will ſerve—'Tis but looking big, bragging with an eaſy grace, and confidently muſtering up an hundred hard names they underſtand not: Thunder out *Villeroy*, *Catinat*, and *Boufflers*; ſpeak of ſtrange towns and caſtles, whoſe barbarous names, the harſher they're to the ear, the rarer and more taking—Still running over lines, trenches, outworks, counterſcarps, and ſorts, citadels, mines, countermines, pickeering, pioneers, centinels, patroles, and others, without ſenſe or order, that matters not, the women are amaz'd, they admire to hear you rap 'em out ſo readily; and many a one that went no farther for't, retailing handſomely ſome warlike terms, paſſes for a brave fellow—Don't ſtand gaping, but live and learn, my lad—I can tell thee ten thouſand arts, to make thee known and valued in theſe regions of wit and gallantry, the park; the playhouſe—

Lat. Now you put me in mind where we are—What have we to do here thus early—now there's no company?

Y. Book. Oh! Sir, I have put on ſo much of the ſoldier with my red coat, that I came here t'obſerve the ground I am to engage upon—Here muſt I act, I know, ſome lover's part, and therefore came to view this pleaſant walk—I privately rambled to town laſt *November*—Here, ay here—I ſtood and gaz'd at high Mall, till I forgot 'twas winter, ſo many pretty ſhe's marched by me—Oh! to ſee the dear things trip, trip along, and breathe ſo ſhort, nipt with the ſeaſon—I ſaw the very air not without force leave their dear lips.—Oh! they were intolerably handſome.

Lat. You'll ſee, perhaps, ſuch to-day—but how to come at 'em—

Y. Book. Ay, there's it, how to come at 'em—

Lat. Are you generous?

Y. Book. I think I am no niggard

Lat.

Lat. You muſt entertain them high, and bribe all about 'em. They talk of *Ovid*, and his art of loving, be liberal and you outdo his precepts—The art of love, ſir, is the art of giving—Be free to women, they'll be free to you; not ev'ry open handed fellow hits it neither. Some give by lap-fuls, and yet ne'er oblige. The manner you know of doing a thing is more than the thing itſelf—Some drop a jewel, which would have been refuſed if bluntly offered.

Y. Book. Some loſe at play what they deſign a preſent.

Lat. Right—the ſkill is to be generous, and ſeem not to know it of yourſelf, 'tis done with ſo much eaſe; but a liberal blockhead preſents his miſtreſs as he'd give an alms.

Y. Book. Leave ſuch blockheads to their deſerved ill fortune—Tell me if thou know'ſt theſe ladies?

Lat. No, not I, ſir, they are above an academick converſe many degrees—I've ſeen ten thouſand verſes writ in the Univerſity on wenches not fit to be either of their handmaids—I never ſpoke to ſuch a fine thing as either in all my whole life—I'm downright aſleep o'ſudden—I muſt fall back; and glad it is my place to do ſo: yet I can get you intelligence perhaps—I'll to the footman.

Y. Book. Do you think he'll tell?——

Lat. He would not to you perhaps——but to a brother footman—Do you but liſten at the entrance of the mall at noon, and you'll have all the Ladies characters in town among the lacqueys——You know all fame begins from our domeſticks——

Y. Book. That was a wiſe man's obſervation—Follow him, and know what you can. *Exit* Latine.

Enter Penelope, Victoria, Simon *and* Lettice.

Pen. A walk round would be too much for us—we'll keep the Mall—But to our talk—I muſt confeſs I have terrors when I think of marrying *Lovemore*: he is indeed a man of an honeſt character—he has my good opinion, but love does not always follow that—he is ſo wiſe a fellow, always ſo preciſely in the right, ſo obſerving and ſo jealous—he's blameleſs indeed, but not to be commended: what good he has, has no grace in't: he's one of thoſe who's never highly mov'd, except to anger—Give me a man that has agreeable faults, rather than offenſive virtues.

Vict.

Vict. Offenſive virtues, madam!

Pen. Yes—I don't know how—there's a ſort of virtue, or prudence, or what you'll call it, that we can but juſt approve. That does not win us—*Lovemore* wants that fire—that converſation-ſpirit I would have. They ſay he's learn'd as well as diſcreet, but I'm no judge of that: I'm ſure he's no woman's ſcholar; his wiſdom he ſhould turn into wit, and his learning into poetry or humour.

Vict. Well, I'm not ſo much of your mind, I like a ſober paſſion.

Pen. A ſober paſſion! you took me up juſt now when I ſaid an offenſive virtue———Bleſs me;

[*ſtumbling almoſt to a fall.*

Y. Book. [*catching her*] How much am I indebted to an accident that favours me with an occaſion of this ſmall ſervice! for 'tis to me a happineſs beyond expreſſion thus to kiſs your hand.

Pen. The occaſion, methinks, is not ſo obliging, nor the happineſs you mention, worth that name, ſir.

Y. Book. 'Tis true, madam, I owe it all to fortune, neither your kindneſs nor my induſtry had any ſhare in't: thus am I ſtill as wretched as I was, for this happineſs I ſo much prize had doubtleſs been refus'd by want of merit.

Pen. 'T has very ſoon you ſee loſt what you valued in it: but I find you and I, ſir, have a different ſenſe; for in my opinion we enjoy with moſt pleaſure, what we attain with leaſt merit—Merit is a claim, and may pretend juſtly to favour; when without it what's conferr'd is more unexpected, and therefore more pleaſing.

Y. Book. You talk very well, madam, of an happineſs you can't poſſibly be acquainted with, the enjoying without deſert. But indeed you have done me a very ſingular good office, in letting me know myſelf very much qualify'd for felicity.

Vict. I ſwear he's a very pretty fellow, and how readily the thing talks—I begin to pity *Lovemore*, but I begin to hate *Penelope*. How he looks! he looks at her!

Y. Book. But judge, madam, what the condition of a paſſionate man muſt be, that can approach the hand only of her he dies for, when her heart is inacceſſible.

Pen. 'Tis very well the heart lies not ſo eaſily to be

ſeized

ſeized as the hand—I find—pray, ſir—I don't know what there is in this very odd fellow, I'm not angry, tho' he's downright rude.—But I muſt———

Y. Book. But your heart, madam, your heart—

[*proſſingly.*

Pen. You ſeem'd, ſir, I muſt confeſs, to have ſhewn a ready civility when I'd like to fall juſt now, for which I cou'd not but thank you, and permit you to ſay what you pleas'd on that occaſion—But your heart, madam; 'tis a ſure ſign, ſir, you know not me—Or if you are what indeed you ſeem—a gentleman—ſure you forget yourſelf, or rather you talk by memory, a form or cant which you miſtake for ſomething that's gallant.

Y. Book. Madam, I very humbly beg your pardon, if I preſs'd too far, and too abruptly—I forgot indeed that I broke through decencies, and that tho' you have been long a familiar to me, I am a ſtranger to you.

Pen. Pray, familiar ſtranger, what can you mean? I never ſaw you before this inſtant, nor you me, I believe.

Y. Book. Perhaps not that you know of, madam.—For your humility, it ſeems, makes you ſo little ſenſible of your own perfection, that you o'erlook your conqueſt; nor have you e'er obſerv'd me, tho' I hover day and night about your lodging, haunt you from place to place, at balls, in the park, at church—I gave you all the ſerenades you've had, yet never till this minute cou'd I find you, and this minute an unfortunate one—But this is always my luck, when I am out of the field.

Vict. You've travell'd then, and ſeen the wars, ſir?

Y. Book. I—madam—I—All that I know of the matter is, that *Lewis* the fourteenth mortally hates me. They talk of French gold—What heaps have I refus'd!—yet to be generous even to an enemy, I muſt allow that prince has reaſon for his rancour to me.—There has not been a ſkirmiſh, ſiege, or battle ſince I bore arms, I made not one in; no, nor the leaſt advantage got over the enemy but I had my ſhare, tho' perhaps not all my ſhare o'th' glory—you've ſeen my name, tho' you don't know it, often in the *Gazette*.

Pen. I never read news.

Enter

Enter Latine.

Lat. What tale's he telling now, tro?

Y. Book. You've never heard, I ſuppoſe, of ſuch names as *Ruremond*, *Keyſerwaert*, and *Liege:* nor read of an *Engliſh* gentleman left dead by his precipitancy upon a parapet at *Venlo.*—I was thought ſo indeed, when the firſt account came away.—Every man has his failings—Raſhneſs is my Fault.

Lat. Don't you remember a certain place call'd *Oxford* among your towns, Sir?

Y. Book. Shaw, away—Oh!—oh! I beg your pardon, ladies; this fellow knows I was ſhot in my left arm, and cannot bear the leaſt touch, yet will ſtill be ruſhing on me.

Lat. He has a lye, I think, in every joint. [*Aſide.*

Pen. Do you bear any commiſſion, Sir?

Y. Book. There's an intimate of mine, a general officer, who has often ſaid, *Tom*, if you wou'd'ſt but ſtick to any one application, thou might'ſt be any thing—'tis my misfortune, madam, to have a mind too extenſive. I began laſt ſummer's campaign with the renowned prince *Eugene*, but was forced to fly into *Holland* for a duel with that rough captain of the *Huſſars*, *Paul Diack*—they talk of a regiment for me—but thoſe things—beſides it will oblige me to attend it, and then I can't follow honour where-e'er ſhe's buſieſt, but muſt be confined to one nation—when indeed 'tis rather my way of ſerving with ſuch of our allies as moſt want me.

Pen. But I ſee you ſoldiers never enjoy ſuch a thing as reſt—you but come home in winter to turn your valour on the ladies, 'tis but juſt a change of your warfare.

Y. Book. I had immediately return'd to *Holland*, but your beauties at my arrival here diſarm'd me, madam, made me a man of peace, or rais'd a civil war within me rather.—You took me priſoner at firſt ſight, and to your charms I yielded up an heart, till then unconquer'd. Martial delights (once beſt and deareſt to me) vaniſh'd before you in a moment, and all my thoughts grew bent to pleaſe and ſerve you.

Lett. Lovemore's in the walk, madam, he'll be in a fit.

Y. Book. Rob me o'th' ſudden thus of all my Happineſs! yet e'er you quite forſake me, authorize my paſſion, licence my innocent flames, and give me leave to love ſuch charming ſweetneſs.

Pen. He that will love, and knows what 'tis to love, will aſk no leave of any but himſelf. [*Ex. Ladies.*

Y. Book. Follow 'em, *Jack.*

Lat. I know as much of 'em already as needs. The footman was in his talking vein—the handſomer of the two, ſays he, I ſerve, and ſhe lives in the Garden.

Y. Book. What Garden?

Lat. Covent-Garden: The other lies there too. I did not ſtay to aſk her name, but I ſhall meet him again, I took particular notice of the livery.

Y. Book. Ne'er trouble thyſelf to know which is which, my heart and my good genius tell me, 'tis ſhe, that pretty ſhe I talk'd to.

Lat. If, with reſpect to your worſhip's opinion, I might preſume to be of a contrary one, I ſhould think the other the handſomer now.

Y. Book. What the dumb thing! the picture—No, love is the union of minds, and ſhe that engages mine muſt be very well able to expreſs her own. But I ſuppoſe ſome ſcolding landlady has made you ſo enamour'd with ſilence. But here are two o'the deareſt of my old comrades, they ſeem amaz'd at ſomething by their action.

Enter Lovemore *and* Frederick.

Fred. How! a collation on the water, and muſic too?

Love. Yes, muſic and a collation.

Fred. Laſt night?

Love. Laſt night too.

Fred. An handſome treat?

Love. A very noble one.

Fred. Who gave it?

Love. That I'm yet to learn.

Y. Book. How happy am I to meet you here!

Love. When I embrace you thus—no happineſs can equal mine. [*ſaluting.*

Y. Book. I thruſt myſelf intrudingly upon you; but you'll pardon a man overjoy'd to ſee you.

Love. Where you're always welcome, you never can intrude.

Y. Book. What were you talking of?

Love.

Love. Of an entertainment.

Y. Book. Given by ſome lover?

Love. As we ſuppoſe.

Y. Book. That circumſtance deſerves my curioſity; pray go on, and let me ſhare the ſtory.

Love. Some ladies had the fiddles laſt night.

Y. Book. Upon the water too methought you ſaid?

Love. Yes, 'twas upon the water.

Y. Book. Water often feeds the flame.

Love. Sometimes.

Y. Book. And by night too?

Love. Yes, laſt night.

Y. Book. He choſe his time well——The lady is handſome?

Love. In moſt mens eyes ſhe is.

Y. Book. And the muſick?

Love. Good, as we hear.

Y. Book. Some banquet follow'd?

Love. A ſumptuous one, they ſay.

Y. Book. And neither of you all the while know who gave this treat? ha, ha.

Love. D'ye laugh at it?

Y. Book. How can I chuſe, to ſee you thus admire a ſlight divertiſement I gave myſelf?

Love. You?

Y. Book. Ev'n I——

Love. Why have you got a miſtreſs here already?

Y. Book. I ſhould be ſorry elſe: I've been in town this month or more, though for ſome reaſons I appear but a little yet by day, i' th' dark o'th' evening I peep out, and *incognito* make ſome viſits. Thus have I ſpent my time but ill, were not—

Lat. Do you know what you ſay, ſir?—Don't lay it on ſo thick.——

Y. Book. Nay, you muſt be ſure to take care to be in the way as ſoon as they land, to ſhew up ſtairs—I beg pardon, I was giving my fellow ſome directions about receiving ſome women of quality that ſup with me to-night *incog.*—But you're my deareſt friends, and ſhall hear all—

Fred. to Love. How luckily your rival diſcovers himſelf.

Y. Book. I took five barges, and the faireſt kept for

my company; the other four, I fill'd with muſic of all ſorts, and of all ſorts the beſt; in the firſt were fiddles, in the next theorbo, lutes, and voices.

Flutes and ſuch paſtoral inſtruments i'th' third,
Loud muſick from the fourth did pierce the air.
Each conſort vy'd by turns,
Which with moſt melody ſhou'd charm our ears.
The fifth the largeſt of 'em all, was neatly hung,
Not with dull tapeſtry, but with green boughs,
Curioſity interlac'd to let in air,
And every branch with jeſſamines, and orange poſies deck'd.
In this the feaſt was kept.

Hither with five other ladies I led her whoſe beauty alone governs my deſtiny. Supper was ſerv'd up ſtraight; I will not trouble you with our bill of fare, what diſhes were beſt lik'd, what ſauces moſt commended; 'tis enough I tell you this delicious feaſt was of ſix courſes, twelve diſhes to a courſe.

Lat. That's indeed enough of all conſcience. [*Aſide.*

Love. Oh the torture of jealouſy! [*Aſide.*] But, ſir, how ſeemed the lady to receive this entertainment? we muſt know that.

Y. Book. Oh! that was the height on't—She, I warrant you, was quite negligent of all this matter. You know their way. They muſt not ſeem to like—No, I warrant it wou'd not ſo much as ſmile to make the fellow vain, and believe he had power to move delight in her—ha, ha!

Love. But how then?

Y. Book. Why you muſt know my honour grew poetick—I pull'd off my ſword-knot, and with that bound up a coronet of ivy, laurel, and flowers; with that round my temples, and a plate of richeſt fruits in my hand, on one knee I preſented her with it as a *cornucopia*, an offering from her humble ſwain of all his harveſt—to her the *Ceres* of our genial feaſt, and rural mirth—ſhe ſmil'd—the ladies clapp'd their hands, and all our muſick ſtruck ſympathetick rapture at my happineſs; while gentle winds, the river, air, echo'd the harmony in notes more ſoft than they receiv'd it. Methought all nature ſeemed to die for love like me. To all my heart and every pulſe beat time—Oh the pleaſures of ſucceſsfu

love

love! ha, *Lovemore!* ha! what, haſt thou got a good office lately—You're afraid I ſhould make ſome requeſt. Pry'thee ben't ſo ſhy, I have nothing to aſk but of my miſtreſs; what's the matter?

Love. I only attend, ſir, I only attend—

Y. Book. Then I'll go on. As ſoon as we had ſupp'd, the fire-works play'd. Squibs of all ſorts were darted through the ſkies, whoſe ſpreading fires made a new day. A flaming deluge ſeem'd to fall from Heaven, and with ſuch violence attack'd the waves, you wou'd have thought the fiery element had left his ſphere, to ruin his moiſt enemy. Their conteſt done, we landed, danc'd till day, which haſty *Sol* diſturb'd us with too ſoon. Had he ta'en our advice, or fear'd my anger, he might in *Thetis's* lap have ſlept as long as at *Alcmena's* labour he's reported: but ſteering not as we wou'd have preſcrib'd, he put a period to our envy'd mirth.

Love. Truſt me you tell us wonders, and with a grace as rare as the feaſt itſelf, which all our ſummer's mirth can't equal.

Y. Book. My miſtreſs took me o'th' ſudden——I had not a day's warning.

Love. The treat was coſtly tho', and finely order'd.

Y. Book. I was forc'd to take up with this trifle. He that wants time can't do as he wou'd.

Love. Farewel, we ſhall meet again at more leiſure.

Y. Book. Number me among your creatures.

Love. Oh Jealouſy! thou rack, jealouſy!

Fred. What reaſon have you to feel it? the circumſtances of the feaſt nothing agree—

Love. In this time and place they do; the reſt is nothing. [*Ex.* Fred. *and* Love.

Lat. May I ſpeak now, ſir, without offence?

Y. Book. 'Tis in your choice now to ſpeak or not, but before company you'll ſpoil all.

Lat. Do you walk abroad and talk in your ſleep? or do you uſe to tell your dreams for current truth?

Y. Book. Dull brain!

Lat. Why you beat out mine with your battles, your fire-works, your muſick, and your feaſts. You've found an excellent way to go to your wars, and yet keep out of danger—then you feaſt your miſtreſs at the cheapeſt rate

rate that ever I knew! Why d'ye make 'em believe you ha' been here theſe ſix weeks?

Y. Book. My paſſion has the more growth, and I the better ground to make love.

Lat. You'd make one believe fine things, that wou'd but harken to you—But this lady might ſoon have found you out—

Y. Book. Some acquaintance I have got however; this is making love, ſcholar, and at the beſt rate too.

Lat. To ſpeak truth, I'm hardly come to myſelf yet, your great ſupper lies on my ſtomach ſtill. I defy *Pontack* to have prepar'd a better o'th' ſudden. Your enchanted caſtles, where ſtrangers found ſtrange tables, ſtrangely furniſhed with ſtrange cats, were but ſix-penny ordinaries to the fifth barge; you were an excellent man to write romances, for having feaſts and battles at command, your *Quixote* in a trice would over-run the world; revelling and ſkirmiſhing coſt you nothing; then you vary your ſcene with ſo much eaſe, and ſhift from court to camp with ſuch facility—

Y. Book. I love thus to outvie a news-monger; and as ſoon as I perceive a fellow thinks his ſtory will ſurprize—I choke him with a ſtranger, and ſtop his mouth with an *extempore* wonder: didſt thou but know what a pleaſure 'tis to cram their own news down their throats again!—

Lat. 'Tis fine but may prove dangerous ſport, and may involve us in a peck of troubles: pry'thee, *Tom*, conſider that I am of quality to be kick'd or can'd by this L—

Y. Book. Huſh, huſh, call it not lying; as for my waging war, it is but juſt I ſnatch and ſteal from fortune that fame which ſhe denies me opportunity to deſerve—My father has cramp'd me in a college, while all the world has been in action. Then as to my lying to my miſtreſs, 'tis but what all the lovers of liberty do.—Call it not by that coarſe name a lye. 'Tis wit, 'tis fable, allegory, fiction, hyperbole,—or be it what you call it, the world's made up almoſt of nothing elſe. What are all the grave faces you meet in publick?——— mere ſilent lyes, dark ſolemn fronts, by which they wou'd diſguiſe vain empty ſilly noddles.—But after all, to be ſerious, ſince I am reſolved honeſtly to love, I don't care how artfully I obtain the woman I pitch upon.

upon.—Beſides, did you ever know any of them acknowledged they lov'd as ſoon as they lov'd—No, they'll let a man dwell upon his knees—whom they languiſh to receive into their arms—They're no fair enemy—therefore 'tis but juſt, that

We uſe all arts the fair to undermine,
And learn with gallantry to hide deſign. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter old Bookwit, Penelope, *and* Lettice.

O. *B.* MIſtreſs *Penelope*, I have your father's leave to wait upon you, madam, and talk to you this morning; nay to talk to you of marriage.

Pen. To talk to me of marriage, ſir?

O. *Book.* Yes, madam, in behalf of my ſon *Tom Bookwit*.

Pen. Nay, there may perhaps be ſomething ſaid to that. [*Aſide.*

O. *Book.* I ſent for him from *Oxford* with that deſign, he came to town but yeſterday; and if a father can judge, he brings from a college the mien and air of a court—I love my ſon entirely, and hope, madam, you take my thoughts as to you, to be no want of reſpect to you.

Pen. 'Twere want of ſenſe, ſir, to do that.

O. *Book.* If I can remember my ſtyle to my miſtreſs of old, I'll eaſe *Tom*'s way, and raiſe her expectation of my ſon. [*aſide.*] Madam, had I my hat, my feather, pantaloons, and jerkin on, as when I woo'd your humble ſervant's mother, I would deliver you his errand. I married her juſt ſuch a young thing as you: her complexion was charming, but not indeed with all your ſweetneſs.

Pen. Oh! ſir!

O. *Book.* Her neck, and boſom were the ſofteſt pillows, her ſhape was not of that nice ſort; ſome young women ſuffer in ſhapes of their mother's making, by ſpare diet, ſtraight lacing, and conſtant chiding. But 'twas the work of nature, free, unconſtrain'd, healthy and

and—But her charms had not all that emanation which yours have.

Pen. Oh fie! fie!

O. Book. Not thoſe thouſand thouſand graces, that ſoft army of loves and zephyrs, millions of airy beings that attend around you, and appear only to the ſecond ſight of lovers.

Pen. O fie! Pray, good Sir, you'll leave nothing for your ſon to ſay.

O. Book. I did not think I had ſuch a memory. I find the women are now certainly daughters of the women before 'em.—Flattery ſtill does it. [*Aſide.*] *Tom* is my only ſon, and I extremely deſirous to have him ſettled.—I own I think him of much merit.

Pen. He would derogate from his birth, were he not much a gentleman. But to receive a man in the character of a pretender at firſt ſight———

O. Book. I'll walk him by and by before your window, where your own eyes ſhall judge—I think there's nothing above his pretences but yourſelf; but when one of ſo many excellent qualities beſtows herſelf, it muſt be condeſcenſion.—You ſhall not anſwer—Farewel, daughter: we are but too apt to believe what we wiſh———

[*Exit* O. Book.

Pen. 'Tis as you ſaid, *Lettice, Old Bookwit* came to propoſe his ſon.

Lett. I overheard the old Gentleman talk of it laſt night.—But, Madam, you han't heard the ſong that was made on you.—Oh 'tis mighty pretty, the Gentleman is dying for you, he ſays it, pure pure verſes.

Pen. Whoever writ'em, he's not the firſt Poet I have made. They may talk, and ſay Nature makes a Poet, but I ſay Love makes a Poet. Don't you ſee elder brothers, who are by nature born above wit, ſhall fall in love, and write verſes—nay, and pretty good ones, conſidering they can tagg'em to ſettlements: but let's ſee.

To *CELIA*'s Spinet.

Reading. *Thou ſoft machine that does her hands obey,*
Tell her my grief in thy harmonious lay.

Poor man———

To ſhun my moan to thee ſhe'll fly.
To her touch be ſure reply,
And, if ſhe removes it, die.

The

The device is juſt and truly poetical.

Know thy bliſs—Ay, ay, there I come in.
Know thy bliſs, with rapture ſhake,
Tremble o'er all thy numerous make;
Speak in melting ſounds my tears,
Speak, my joys, my hopes, my fears,
Which all depend upon me:
Thus force her, when from me ſhe'd fly,
By her own hand, like me, to die.

Well, certainly nothing touches the heart of woman ſo much as poetry. I ſuppoſe the maſter is in the next room, 'tis his hour, deſire him to walk in. 'Twill make one's ears tingle, a ſong o' one's ſelf.

[*Here the ſong is performed to a ſpinet.*

Well, doſt think, *Lettice*, my grave lover writ this fine thing——ſay'ſt thou?

Lett. No, Madam.——Nobody writes ſongs on thoſe they are ſure of.

Pen. Sure of me! the inſolent!

Lett. Nay, I know no more than that he ſaid he'd turn me away as ſoon as he had married you.

Pen. 'Tis like enough.—That's the common practice of your jealous-headed fellows.—Well, I have a good mind to dreſs myſelf anew, put on my beſt looks, and ſend for him to diſmiſs him.——I know he loves me.

Lett. I never knew him ſhew it but by his jealouſy.

Pen. As you ſay, a jealous fellow love?—'tis all miſtake, 'tis only for himſelf he has deſires; nor cares what the object of his wiſhes ſuffers, ſo he himſelf has ſatisfaction—No, he has a gluttony, an hunger for me.

Lett. An hunger for you! I proteſt, Madam, if you'd let me be his cook, and make you ready, I'd poiſon him. But I'm glad *Simon* diſobey'd you, and told the Gentleman's ſervant who you were, and your lodging——

Pen. Did the rogue do ſo?—Call him hither.

Lett. Simon, why *Simon*.

Enter Simon.

Pen. Sirrah, I find I muſt at laſt turn you off, you ſaucy fellow, don't ſtand ſtaring and dodging with your feet, and wearing out your livery hat with ſqueezing for an excuſe, but anſwer me, and that preſently.

Sim. I will, Madam, as ſoon as you aſk me a queſtion.

Pen.

Pen. Not afore them——Mr. *Pert* don't you know you told the gentleman's footman in the park who I was, againſt my conſtant order, when I walk early. Come, ſirrah, tell all that paſſed between you.

Sim. Why, madam, the gentleman's gentleman came up to me very civilly, and ſaid his maſter was in diſcourſe with my lady he ſuppoſed——Then he fell into talk about vails—about profits in a ſervice; at laſt, after a deal of diſcourſe between us——

Pen. Come, without this preamble,——what he aſk'd you, impertinence,——tell that, do——

Sim. He aſk'd about you, and Madam *Victoria.*—I ſaid, the handſomeſt of the two is my Lady.

Pen. Speak on boldly, *Simon*; I'm never angry at a ſervant that ſpeaks truth.

Sim. He told me he ſhould be very proud of my acquaintance; indeed, madam, the man was very well-ſpoken, and ſhewed a great deal of reſpect for me, on your ladyſhip's account——He is a mighty well-ſpoken man, and ſaid, he found I was a ſmart Gentleman—ſaid he'd come again.

Pen. Go, you have done your buſineſs. Go down, [*Exit.*

Lett. Well, after all, madam, I did not think that Gentleman diſpleaſed you.

Pen. Had young *Bookwit* his mien and converſation, how eaſily would he exclude *Lovemore!*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Lovemore* is coming up, madam.

Pen. He has not heard ſure of this new propoſal.

Lett. 'Tis poſſible he may, and come to rant or upbraid your ladyſhip; I wonder you endure him on theſe occaſions.

Pen. I'll rack his very heart-ſtrings. He ſhall know all that man e'er ſuffered for his native miſtreſs, woman.

Lett. His father, madam, has been ſo long coming out of *Suffolk.*—There are ſtrange tricks in the world, but 'tis not my place to ſpeak——

Pen. However, his father may come at laſt; I will not wholly loſe him; as bad as he is, he's better than no huſband at all——Stay in the room, I'll talk to you as if he were not preſent——

Enter

Enter Lovemore.

Love. Ah! *Penelope!* inconſtant! fickle *Penelope!*

Pen. But, *Lettice*, you don't tell me what the gentleman ſaid; now there's no body here you may ſpeak——

Love. Now there's no body here?——Then I am a thing, an utenſil——I am no body, I have no eſſence that I am ſenſible of——I think 'twill be ſo ſoon——This ingrate,——this perjur'd!

Pen. Tell me, I ſay,——how the match happened to break off;

Love. This is downright abuſe.——What! don't you ſee me, madam?

Lett. He had the folly, upon her being commonly civil to him, to talk of directing her affairs before his time: in the firſt place, he thought it but neceſſary her maid, her faithful ſervant Mrs. *Betty*, ſhould be remov'd.

Love. Her faithful ſervant Mrs. *Betty*!——Her betrayer, her whiſperer, Mrs. *Lettice*.——Madam, won'd you but hear me——I will be heard——

Pen. Pr'ythee ſtep, *Lettice*, and ſee what noiſe is that without.

Love. The noiſe is here, madam; 'tis I that make what you call noiſe——'Tis I that claim aloud my right, and ſpeak to all the world the wrongs I ſuffer.

Pen. Cooling herbs well ſteep'd——a good anodyne at night, made of juice of hellebore, with very thin diet, may be of uſe in theſe caſes.

[*Both looking at him as diſturb'd.*

Love. Caſes!——What caſes? I ſhall downright run mad with this damn'd uſage. Am I a jeſt?

Lett. A jeſt!——no faith, this is far from a merry madneſs——Ha! ha! ha!

Love. Harky'e *Lettice*——I'll downright box you——Hold your tongue, gipſy——

Lett. Dear madam, ſave me——go you to him——

Pen. Let him take you.——Bleſs me——how he ſtares, ——take her.

Lett. Take her }
Pen. Take her } ——[*Running round each other.*

Love. Very fine——No, madam, your gallant, your ſpark laſt night; your fine dancer, entertainer, ſhall take you——He that was your ſwain, and you, I warrant, a fantaſtick nymph of the flood, or foreſt; ha! ha! ha! to be out all night with a young fellow.——Oh! that makes

ha! to be out all night with a young fellow——Oh! that makes you change your countenance, does it ſo?—Fine lady—You wonder how I came to know——why chuſe a diſcreeter the next time—he told me all himſelf—ſwoon—die for ſhame at hearing of theſe words, —do—

Pen. I am indeed downright aſhamed for him that ſpeaks 'em; whence this inſolence, if not from utter diſtraction, under this roof?

Love. Oh! the ingrate! —Have not I, madam, two long years, two ages, with humbleſt reſignation depended on your ſmiles; and ſhall I ſuffer one of yeſterday's—to treat you, to dance all night with you?

Pen. Speak ſoftly—my father's coming down.

Love. Thy father's coming down! faithleſs!—— thou haſt no father. But to croſs me by night upon the water!

Pen. Well, by night upon the water—What then?

Lov. Yes, all night.

Pen. What of that?

Love. Without bluſhing when you hear of it?

Pen. Bluſh for what!—What do you drive at?

Love. Can you then coldly aſk what 'tis I mean, thou reveller, thou rambler; a fine young lady with your midnight frolicks! But what do I pretend to?——I know not how with bended knees to call you *Ceres*, —make you an offering of ſummer fruits, and deify your vanity; —Thou art no goddeſs, thou art a very woman, with all the guile—Your barges! your treats! your fireworks!

Pen. What means the inſolent! You grow inſufferable.

Love. Oh *Penelope!* that look, that diſdainful look has pierc'd my ſoul, and ebb'd my rage to penitence and ſorrow—I own my fault——I am too raſh——

Pen. Th' imaginary enemies you raiſe are but mere forms of your ſickly brain—ſo I think, and ſcorn 'em. A diffident, an humorous and ungenerous man, who without grounds calls me inconſtant, ſhall ſurely find me ſo: She will be very happy that takes a conſtant man with twenty thouſand humours.

Lov. Is it a fault my life's bound up in thee,
That all my powers change with thy looks,

That my eyes glote on thee when thou'rt preſent,
And ake and roll for light when thou'rt abſent?

Pen. A little ill uſage, I ſee, improves a lover ſtrangely; I never heard him ſpeak ſo well in my life before. [*Aſide.*

Lov. Of you I am not jealous;
'Tis my own indeſert that gives me fears,
And tenderneſs forms dangers where they're not;
I doubt and envy all things that approach thee:
Not a fond mother of a long wiſh'd for only child beholds with ſuch kind terrors her infant offſpring as I do her I love. She thinks it's food, if ſhe's not by, unwholeſome; and all the ambient air made up of fevers and of quartan agues, except ſhe ſhrouds it in her arms.——Such is my unpitied anxious care for you, and can I ſee another ——

Pen. What other?

Lov. Nay, if you make a ſecret of your meeting,—there's all that I ſuſpect in't.—Another?——Young *Bookwit* is another.

Pen. I never ſaw his face.——Young *Bookwit*

Lov. What! not tho' he ſolicited a glance, with ſymphonies of charming note, with ſumptuous diſhes! —Not when the flying meteors from the earth made a new day!——not ſee him!—Oh! that was hard,—that was unkind, not one look for all this gallantry! —But love is blind,——You can be all night with the ſon, all day with the father, and never ſee either.—His father was here this morning; ſeek not to excuſe, —I know your arts, and ſee their aim too—Go, go, take your *Bookwit*,—Forget your lover as he muſt now you. [*Going.*

Hen. Hear but three words.

Lov. What ſhall they be?

Pen. Prithee hear me.

Lov. No, no, your father's coming down.

Pen. He is not coming, nor can he overhear us. There's time and privacy enough to diſabuſe you.

Lov. I'll hear nothing unleſs you will be married, unleſs you give me as a preſent earneſt of your ſelf three kiſſes, and your word for ever.

Pen. To give way to my ſatisfaction then—and be friends

friends again, you wou'd, Mr. *Lovemore*, have three Kiſſes——

Lov. Three kiſſes, your faith, and hand.

Pen. Nothing elſe; will you be ſo contented?

Lov. I'll expect higher terms, if you accept not theſe——Quickly then.

Pen. Well then, No, my father's coming? ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Laugh at my ſufferings!— ſlight my anger. Is this your baſe requital of my love; Revenge, revenge,—I'll print on thy favourite in his heart's blood my revenge. Our ſwords—our ſwords ſhall diſpute our pretences, rather than he enjoy what my long ſervices entitle me to, which is to do myſelf right for what he intends an injury; tho' perhaps what we ſhall diſpute for is better loſt.

Pen. Mr. *Lovemore*, you have taken very great liberties; you ſay I have injured you in regard to another.—Is your opinion then of what you ſay you will diſpute for, ſuch as you juſt now ſaid——better loſt.

Lov. Look you, madam,—ſo—therefore——as to that—this is ſuch—for that it—You don't conſider what you ſaid to me——

Pen Ha! ha! ha!

Lov. You ſhall by all that's——You ſhall repent this. [*Flings out.*

Pen. This is all we have for't, a little dominion before hand——Theſe are the creatures that are born to rule us, who creep, who flatter, and ſervilely beſeech your favour; which obtain'd, they grow ſullen, proud and inſolent; pry into the gift, the manner of beſtowing, with all the little arts th' ungrateful uſe to hide, or kill their ſenſe and conſcience of a benefit——

Lett. Ay, ay, madam, 'tis ſo——I had a ſweetheart once, a lady's butler, to whom I gave a lock of my hair; and the villain, when we quarrell'd told me half of 'em were grey.

Pen. Ha! ha! ha! the ingrate——the faithleſs, as *Lovemore* ſays——

Lett. And yet, Madam, the rogue ſtole a letter out of a book to aſk me for it—as my next ſuitor found out.

Pen. However, I am ſure 'tis in my fate to be ſubject to one of them very ſuddenly.

Lett. Ah! madam! the gentleman this morning—

Pen. The fellow's very well, and I am mightily miſtaken if my couſin *Victoria* did not think ſo——

Lett. And ſo do you heartily. [*Aſide.*

Pen. Yet I wiſh I had ſeen this young *Bookwit* before *Lovemore* came to-day.——

Lett. I'll tell you how, madam—*Victoria* has ne'er a lover, and is your entire friend—Now madam, ſuppoſe you got her to write a letter to this young gentleman in her own name——You meet him under that name *incognito*; then if an accident ſhould happen, both you and ſhe may be ſafe, and puzzle the truth: you never writ to him, ſhe never met him——

Pen. A lucky thought—ſtep to her immediately—I'll come to her, or ſhe to me.

Lett. I fly, I fly—— [*Exit*

Pen. This is indeed a lucky hint of the wench, in which I have another drift too—Now ſhall I ſift my friend *Victoria*, and perfectly underſtand whether ſhe likes that agreeable young fellow; for if her reſerv'd humour eaſily falls in with this deſign on *Bookwit*, ſhe's certainly ſmitten with the other, and ſuſpects me to be ſo too—What is this dear, this ſudden intruder love, that *Victoria*'s long and faithful friendſhip, *Lovemore*'s anxious and conſtant paſſion, both vaniſh before it in a moment?—Why are our hearts ſo acceſſible at our eyes:—My dear——

Enter Victoria.

Vict. Dear *Pen.* I ran to you—well, what is't?

Pen. Set chairs and the *Bohea* tea, and leave us. [*Exit.* Lett.] Dear *Victoria*—you have always been my moſt intimate boſom-friend—your wary carriage and circumſpection have often been a ſafety againſt errors to me—I muſt confeſs it. [*Filling her tea.*

Vict. But, my dear, why this preface to me?—To the matter——

Pen. You know all that has paſs'd between me and Mr. *Lovemore.*

Vict. I have always approv'd him, and do now more than ever—For 'tis not a mien and air, that makes that worthy creature, a kind huſband: But——

Pen. True, but here was old *Bookwit* this morning,

with my father's authority to talk to me of the ſubject of love.

Vict. Nay, madam, if ſo, and you can reſolve to obey your father,—I contend not for *Lovemore*; for tho' the young men of this age are ſo very vicious, ſo expenſive both of their health and fortune———

Pen. How zealous ſhe is to put me out of her way! Falſe creature! [*Aſide.*]—But, my dear friend, you don't take me——Your friendſhip out-runs my explanation—'Twas for his ſon at *Oxford* he came to me—he is to talk with him before the door that I may view him——by and by———

Vict. Nay, as one muſt obey their parents wholly—I think a raw young man that never ſaw the town, is better than an old one that has run through all its vices—I congratulate your good fortune—There's a great eſtate—and he knows nothing, juſt come to town——The furniture and the horſe-cloaths will be all your own device for the wedding, and the horſes, when and where you pleaſe——He knows no better——

Pen. But one ſhall be ſo long teaching a raw creature a manner———

Vict. Never let him have one—'twill make him like himſelf, and think of making advances elſewhere: You'd better have him a booby—How could I think of the old fellow for you—Look you, *Pen* old age has its infirmities, and 'tis a ſad proſpect for an honeſt young woman to be ſure of being a nurſe, and never of being a mother———

Pen. Oh! that I had but your prudence? But, my dear, I have a requeſt to make to you, and that is, that you would write him an aſſignation this evening in the park—I'll obey the appointment, and converſe with him under that diſguiſe! for the old people will clap up a match before I know any thing of the real man——And if one don't know one's huſband, how can one manage him? that is to ſay, obey him?

Vict. Oh! pray my dear, do you think I don't underſtand—Oh! and there's another thing—A ſcholar makes the beſt huſband in the world.

Pen. Becauſe they are the moſt knowing———

Vict. No, becauſe they are the leaſt knowing—But I'll go immediately and obey your commands—I wiſh

you heartily well, my dear, in this matter. [*Kiſſes her.*

Pen. I thank you, deareſt—I don't doubt it indeed.

Vict. Where are you going now, my dear—Oh! fie! this is not like a friend—Do I uſe you ſo, dear madam?

Pen. Nay, indeed madam, I muſt wait on you——

Vict. Indeed you ſhan't——Indeed you ſhan't.

[*Pen. follows.*

Pen. Well, madam, will you promiſe then to be as free with me?—Thus does ſhe hope to work me out of my lover, by being made my confidant—But that baſeneſs has been too faſhionable to paſs any more—I have not truſted her—the cunning creature—I begin to hate her ſo—I'll never be a minute from her. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Bookwit, *Young* Bookwit *and* Latine.

O. Book. Well, *Tom*, where have you ſaunter'd about ſince I ſaw you? Is not the town mightily increas'd ſince you were in it?

Y. Book. Ay, indeed, I need not have been ſo impatient to have left *Oxford*; had I ſtaid a year longer, they had builded to me.

O. Book. But I don't obſerve you affected much with the alterations——Where have you been?

Y. Book. No faith, the *New-Exchange* has taken up all my curioſity.

O. Book. Oh! but, ſon, you muſt not go to places to ſtare at women. Did you buy any thing?

Y. Book. Some baubles——But my choice was ſo diſtracted among the pretty merchants and their dealers, I knew not where to run firſt—One little liſping rogue, ribbandths, gloveths, tippeths, Sir, cries another, will you buy a fine ſword-knot? then a third pretty voice and curt'ſie—Does not your lady want hoods, ſcarfs, fine green ſilk ſtockings—I went by as if I had been in a ſeraglio, a living gallery of beauties—ſtaring from ſide to ſide; I bowing, they laughing—ſo made my eſcape, and brought your ſon and heir ſafe to you, through all theſe darts and glances—to which indeed my breaſt is not impregnable—But I wonder whence I had this amorous inclination——

O. Book. Whoever you had it from, ſirrah, 'tis your buſineſs to correct it—by fixing it upon a proper object—But, *Tom*, you know I am always glad to hear you talk with the gaiety before me, that you do elſe-

where

where—But I have now ſomething of conſequence (that ſudden ſerious look was ſo like me) [*Aſide.*] What I am going to ſay now, I tell you, is extraordinary——

Y. Book. I could not indeed help ſome ſeeming extravagancies I have been forc'd to—But——

O. Book. I do not grudge you your expences, I was not going to ſpeak on't—for I decay, and ſo do my deſires, while yours grow ſtill upon you—Therefore what may be ſpar'd from mine, I heartily give you to ſupply yours—'Tis but the juſt order of things—I ſcorn to hoard what I only now can gaze at, while your youth and perſon want thoſe entertainments you may become and taſte—All your pleaſures are mine alſo—In you my youth and gayer years methinks I feel repeated.

Y. Book. Then what can give you, ſir, uneaſineſs?

O. Book. Your affectation of a ſoldier's dreſs, makes me think you bent upon a dangerous, tho' noble courſe. That you'll expoſe a life, that is dearer to your father than your ſelf, to daily hazards; I therefore have reſolved to ſettle thee, and choſen a young lady, witty, prudent, rich and fair——

Y. Book. Oh, *Victoria!* [*Aſide*] You cannot move too ſlowly in ſuch a buſineſs.

O. Book. Nay, 'tis no ſudden thing—Her father and I have been old acquaintance, and I was ſo confident of her worth, and your compliance, that I can't with honour diſengage myſelf.

Y. Book. How, Sir! when honour calls me to the field, where I may perpetuate your name by ſome brave exploit——

O. Book. You may do it much better, *Tom*, at home by a brave boy—Come, come, it muſt be ſo——

Y. Book. What ſhall I do for ſome invention? [*Aſide.*

O. Book. Let it be ſo, dear *Tom*, it muſt be ſo.

Y. Book. What if it be impoſſible?

O. Book. Impoſſible! as how?

Y. Book. Upon my knees I beg your pardon, Sir; I am——

O. Book. What!——

Y. Book. At *Oxford*——

O. Book. What art thou at *Oxford?* Riſe and tell me.

Y. Book. Why I am married there, ſince you needs muſt know.

O. Book.

O. Book. Married without my conſent!

Y. Book. There was a force upon me; you'll eaſily get all annull'd if you deſire it:—It was the croſſeſt, moſt unhappy accident—Yet indeed ſhe is an excellent creature!

Lat. How could he conceal this all this while from me?—But I remember he us'd to be out of college whole nights we knew not where. [*Aſide.*

Penelope *and* Victoria *at the window.*

Pen. The very man we met this morning; and I employ my rival to write to him! how confidently ſhe ſtares at the fellow, and obſerves his action!

Vict. Betty, do you ſee with what intent, and with what fire in her eyes *Penelope* gazes yonder?—But take you that letter and give it when the old gentleman's gone.—Goodneſs!—how concern'd ſhe ſeems! Well, ſome women!— [*Ex. Ladies from above.*

O. Book. Let that paſs, ſince the buſineſs is irrevocable——What is her name?

Y. Book. Matilda, and her father's *Newton.*

O. Book. They're names I never heard before; but go on.

Y. Book. This lady, Sir, I ſaw in a publick Aſſembly; at the firſt ſight ſhe made me her's for ever. From that inſtant I languiſh'd—nor had vital heat out of her preſence—The ſun to me ſhed influence in vain,—he roſe and ſet both unobſerv'd, nor was to any living this human life ſo much a dream as me: All this ſhe obſerv'd, but not untouch'd obſerved. She ſhew'd a noble gratitude to a noble paſſion; favours I ſoon received, but ſeverely modeſt ones.

Lat. Oh! that's preſuppos'd, you to be ſure wou'd ne'er deſire any other. [*Aſide.*

Y. Book. We had contriv'd to meet o'nights.
The ſweeteſt hours of love; and there was I
One evening in her lodging——'Twas as I remember,
Yes, 'twas on the ſecond of *December.*
That's the very night I was caught——

Lat. 'Tis ſtrange, a fellow of his wit to be trepan'd into a marriage—— [*Aſide.*

Y. Book. Her father ſupp'd abroad that night, which made us think ourſelves ſecure—But coming home by acci-

accident ſooner than we expected, we heard him at the door—How did that noiſe ſurprize us! She hid me behind the bed, then lets him in.

O. Book. I tremble for the poor young lady——— Pray go on———How did ſhe recover herſelf?

Y. Book. She fell into the prettieſt artful little tales to divert him, and hide her diſcompoſure—which he interrupted by telling her ſhe muſt be married ſuddenly to one propoſed to him that evening——— This was to me daggers.

O. Book. But ſhe!

Y. Book. She by general anſwers in that caſe manag'd it ſo well, that he was going down, when inſtantly my watch in my pocket ſtruck ten—He turns him ſhort on his amazed daughter, asked where ſhe had it—She cry'd her couſin *Martha* ſent it out of the country to be mended for her—He ſaid he would take care on't; ſhe comes to me, but as I was a giving it her, the ſtring was ſo entangled in the cock of a piſtol I always had about me on thoſe occaſions, that my haſte to diſengage it fir'd it off—My miſtreſs ſwoons away—The father ran out crying murder—I thought her dead, fear'd his return, which he ſoon did, with two boiſt'rous rogues, his ſons, and his whole family of ſervants—I wou'd have made my eſcape, but they oppos'd me with drawn ſwords; I wounded both; but a luſty wench with a fireſhovel at one blow ſtruck down my ſword, and broke it all to pieces———

O. Book. But ſtill the poor young lady!

Y. Book. Here was I ſeiz'd—Mean time *Matilda* wakes from her trance—beholding me held like a ruffian, both her brothers bleeding—She was returning to it—What ſhould I do? I ſaw the hoary father in the divided ſorrow, for his ſon's lives, and daughter's honour, of both which he thought me the invader—— She with pitying, dying, and reproaching looks beſeech'd me—and taught me what I ow'd her conſtant love—I yielded, Sir, I own, I yielded to the juſt terror of their family reſentment, and to my miſtreſs's more dreadful upbraiding. Thus am I, Sir, the martyr of a honeſt paſſion———

O. Book. That I moſt blame is, that you conceal'd

it from your beſt friend—I'll inſtantly to *Penelope*'s father, and make my apology—He is my friend. [*Exit.*

Lat. This marriage ſtrangely ſurpriz'd me———

Y. Book. Why, did you believe it too, as well as the old gentleman? why then I did it excellently—ha! ha! ha!

Lat. What, the watch!—the piſtol! lady ſwooning, her pitying, upbraiding looks! all chimæra!

Y. Book. Nothing but downright wit, to keep my ſelf ſafe for *Victoria.*

Lat. May I deſire one favour?

Y. Book. What can I deny thee, my privado?

Lat. Only that you'd give me ſome little ſecret hint—when next you L—are going to be witty——But to jumble particulars ſo readily! 'tis impoſſible you cou'd, I believe, at the beginning of your tale know the ending——yet——

Y. Book. Theſe are gifts, child, mere gifts; 'tis not to be learnt—the ſkill of lying—Except humour, wit, invention, preſence of mind, retention, memory, circumſpection, *&c.*—were to be attained by induſtry—You muſt not hum, nor haw, nor bluſh for't———

Lat. Who have we got here?

Betty *Entering.*

Bet. May I be ſo bold as to crave the liberty to aſk your name?

Y. Book. My bright hand-maid, my little ſhe *Ganymede*—thou charming *Hebe*—You may aſk me my name—for I won't tell it you—till you do—becauſe I'd have the more words with you——

Bet. Are not you Mr. *Bookwit?*

Y. Book. The very ſame, my dear.

Bet. There then—He's a mighty pretty man. [*Exit.* Betty.

Y. Book. reading. *You may wonder—this evening near* Roſamond's *pond, on the other ſide the Park.* Victoria. Oh the happineſs! What is become of the girl?——Oh! *Latine! Latine!* aſk me fifty queſtions all at once! What ails me? Why this joy?—Who is this from?—Oh I could die methinks this moment, leſt there ſhould be in fate ſome future ill to daſh my preſent joy.—Why, *Jack*, why doſt not aſk me what's the matter?

Lat.

Lat. If you'd but give me leave———

Y. Book. No, do not ſpeak—Let me talk all, I fain would celebrate my fair one's praiſe, her every beauty! But the mind is too full to utter any thing that is articulate, and will give way to nothing but mere names and interjections—Oh!—*Victoria!*—*Victoria!*—*Victoria!*———Oh my *Victoria*——Read there.

Lat. Well, I own this is ſubſcribed *Victoria*—But ſtill I am afraid of miſtakes.

Y. Book. No——Kneel down and aſk forgiveneſs—You don't believe that ſhe that would not ſpeak to me would write—But after all raptures and extaſies——pr'ythee ſtep after the maid, learn what you can of her fortune, and ſo forth—Get intereſt to be admitted another time. [*Exit.* Lat.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sir, your ſervant.

Y. Book. Yours, Sir, have you buſineſs with me?

Fred. This paper ſpeaks it.

Y. Book. reading. *Of a friend you've made me your mortal enemy—With your ſword I expect ſatisfaction to-morrow morning at ſix in Hyde-park.* Lovemore. Do you know the contents of this letter?

Fred. Yes, Sir, it is a challenge from *Lovemore.*

Y. Book. Are you to be his ſecond?

Fred. I offer'd it, but he will meet you ſingle.

Y. Book. The fewer the better cheer.

Fred. You're very pleaſant, ſir.

Y. Book. My good humour was ever challenge-proof—I will be very punctual. [*Exit* Fred.] I fall into buſineſs very faſt—There, thou dear letter of love—be there, thou of hatred—There—Men of buſineſs muſt ſort their papers—— I fear he ſaw me put up two letters.

Enter Latine.

Oh, *Jack*, more adventures, another lady has writ.

Lat. Let's ſee it.

Y. Book. No, always tender of rep—ſhe is of quality—A gentleman uſher came with it—I can't believe there's any thing in that old whim of being wrapt in one's mother's ſmock to be thus lucky—I ſuppoſe I

was uſed like other children—They clapp'd me on a ſkull-cap—ſwath'd me hard, play'd me in arms, and ſhew'd me *London*—But howe'er it comes about, I have ſtrange luck with the women.

Lat. But let us ſee this letter.

Y. Book. reading. *No, no—A woman of condition to go ſo far—But indeed your paſſion—your wit—My page, at the back-ſtairs——Secrecy and your veraciity.*——

Lat. There her ladyſhip has nick'd it—Pox, I'll be as humorous and frolick as you—You pert fellows are the only ſucceſsful——

Y. Book. Well ſaid, lad—and as Mr. *Bays* ſays, now the plot thickens upon us, we'll ſpend our time as gaily as the beſt of 'em——and all of it in love——

For ſince through all the race of men we find
Each to ſome darling paſſion is inclin'd,
Let love be ſtill the bias of my mind. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Victoria *and* Betty.

Vict. THIS was indeed, *Betty*, a very diverting accident, that I ſhould be employ'd to write to her lover—Now I can't but think how angry my couſin *Pen* is——She frets, I warrant, at her very looking-glaſs, which us'd to be her comforter upon all occaſions. Ha! ha! ha!

Bet. I would not be in poor Mrs. *Lettice*'s place for all the world——Nothing to be ſure can pleaſe today; did you mind how ſhe neſtled and fum'd inwardly to ſee your ladyſhip look ſo well?——Nay, indeed, madam, you were in high beauty——

Vict. Yet I muſt confeſs I was myſelf a little diſcompos'd——I was aſhamed for my friend——And then to ſee her ſhew ſuch a regard for a fellow——

Bet. But I ſwear, were I to have my will, you ſhould be always angry at me—It gives your ladyſhip ſuch a pretty fierceneſs, and quick ſpirit to your features—Not that you want it—yet it adds——

Vict. There are ſome people very unhappily pretend

to

to fire and life; there's poor ſtupid inſipid lady *Fad* has heard of the word ſpleen, and diſtaſte, and ſets up for being out of humour, with that unmeaning face of hers.

Bet. You're in a fine humour, madam———

Vict. Her ladyſhip's phyſician preſcrib'd anger to her—upon which ſhe comes in publick with her eyes ſtaringly open—this ſhe deſigns for vivacity, and gapes about like a wandring country lady—She pretends to be a remarker, and looks at every body—But alas ſhe wants it here—and knows not that to ſee, is no more to look, than to go, is to walk—For you muſt know, *Betty*, every child can ſee—but 'tis an obſerving creature that can look—as every pretty girl can go, but 'tis a fine woman that walks.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Vict. But by the way there's Mrs. *Penelope*, methinks, does neither; I have a kindneſs for her, but ſhe has no geſture in the leaſt—My dear———

Enter Penelope.

Pen. Well, my dear———

Bet. How civilly people of quality hate one another. [*Aſide.*

Pen. Well, my dear, were you not ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to ſee that this young *Bookwit* ſhould be the ſoldier we met this morning?

Vict. The confident lying creature? Indeed I wonder'd you'd ſuffer him to entertain you ſo long.

Pen. You muſt know, madam, he's married too at *Oxford*.

Vict. The ugly wretch! I think him downright diſagreeable——But perhaps this is a fetch of hers; he had no married look. [*Aſide.*

Pen. Yet I am reſolved to go to your aſſignation, if it be but to confront the coxcomb, and laugh at his lye———Such fellows ſhould be made to know themſelves, and that they're underſtood.

Vict. I'll wait upon you, my dear,——She's very prettily dreſs'd. [*Aſide.*] But indeed, my dear, you ſhan't go with your hood ſo——It makes you look abominably, with your head ſo forward—There—[*diſplacing her head.*] That's ſomething—You had before

fore a fearful, filly bluſhing look—Now you command all hearts———

Pen. Thank you, my dear———

Vict. Your ſervant, deareſt———

Pen. But alas, Madam, who patch'd you to day?—Let me ſee——It is the hardeſt thing in dreſs—I may ſay without vanity—I know a little of it—That ſo low on the cheek pulps the fleſh too much———Hold ſtill, my dear, I'll place it juſt by your eye———Now ſhe downright ſquints. [*Aſide.*

Vict. There's nothing like a ſincere friend———for one is not a judge of one's ſelf——I have a patch-box about me. Hold, my dear, that gives you a ſedate air, that large one near your temples———

Pen. People, perhaps, don't mind theſe things——But if it be true as the poet finely ſings, *That all the paſſions in the features are,* we may ſhew, or hide 'em, as we know how to affix theſe pretty artificial moles—

Vict. And ſo catch lovers, and puzzle phyſiognomy.

Pen. 'Tis true; then pray, my dear, let me put a little diſdain in your face——for we'll plague this fop—There——that on your forehead does it.

Vict. Hold, my dear, I'll give indifference for him; a patch juſt under the point of your lip exactly ſhews it—and that you're dumb to all applications.

Pen. You wiſh I would be. [*Aſide.*

Vict. There, my dear.

Pen. But, dear madam, your hair is not half powder'd——*Betty* bring the powder-box to your lady—It gives one a clean look (though your complexion does not want it) to enliven it.

Vict. Oh! fie, this from you! but I know you won't flatter me, you're too much my friend.

Pen. Now, madam, you ſhall ſee— [*Powders her.*
Now ſhe looks like a ſpright. [*Aſide.*

Vict. Thank you, my dear, we'll take an hack——Our maids ſhall go with us—Come, my dear friend.

[*Ex. Arm in Arm.*

Bett. Pray madam *Lettice,* be pleaſed to go on.

Lett. Indeed madam, *Betty,* I muſt beg your pardon.

Bett. I am at home, dear madam *Lettice*———

Lett. Well, madam, this is unkind———I don't uſe you with this ceremony——— [*Exeunt*

Enter.

Enter Young Bookwit *and* Latine *after a flouriſh.*

Y. Book. Victoria! Victoria! Victoria!

Lat. Make way, make way——By your leave—Stand by—— *Victoria!*

Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.

Y. Book. Well ſaid, *Jack*——Let me ſee any of your ſparks beſides my ſelf, keep ſuch an equipage! I don't queſtion but in a little time I ſhall be a finer fop than the town has yet ſeen——All my lacqueys ſhall be linguiſts as thou art—While thus I ride immortal ſteeds—how my horſes ſtare at me!——They ſee I am a very new ſort of beau——

Lat. This is rare—The having this noiſe of muſick—But won't it be reckon'd a diſturbance——

Y. Book. No, no, it is an uſual gallantry here—But the vocal is an elegance hardly known before me here who am the founder of accompliſhed fools—of which I'll inſtitute an order—All coxcombs of learning and parts ſhall after me be call'd *Bookwits*——A ſect will ſoon be more numerous, and in more credit than your Ariſtotelians, Platoniſts and Academicks——

Lat. Sir, 'twill be extraordinary, and you are really a wiſe perſon—You put your theory of philoſophy into practice—'Tis not with you a dead letter——

Y. Book. Oh! Sir, no: The deſign of learning is for the uſe of life—Therefore I'll ſettle a family very ſuddenly, and ſhew my literature in oeconomy——

Lat. As how, pray?

Y. Book. I'll have four Peripatetick footmen, two followers of *Ariſtippus* for *Valets de Chambre*, and an Epicurean cook—with an Hermetical chymiſt (who are good only at making fires) for my ſkullion; and then I think all is diſpos'd—But methinks this fair one takes ſtate upon her—But I am none of your languiſhers—I am not known in town, and if I misbehave, 'tis but being ſent back to my ſmall beer, and three half-penny commons—and I, like many another beau, only blaz'd and vaniſh'd——

Lat. But you know I love muſick immoderately—How do you diſpoſe your entertainment? let 'em begin——

Y. Book. Well, give me but leave—The fiddles will cer-

certainly attract the ladies, I mean the nymphs who have grotto's round this enchanted foreſt—In the firſt place, your intelligences that move this vehicle—How the fellows ſtare!

Chair. Good your honour ſpeak to us in *Engliſh*—

Y. Book. Why then you chairmen——wherever I move, you are to follow me——For I mean to ſtrut, ſhine through the duſk of the evening, and look as like a lazy town-fool as I can, to charm 'em——

Lat. But the muſick——

Y. Book. But remember, ye ſons of *Phœbus*, brethren of the ſtring and lyre; that is to ſay, ye fidlers,—Let me have a flouriſh as I now direct——When I lift up my cane, let it be martial——If I but throw myſelf juſt forward on it, or raiſe it ſmoothly——Sigh all for love, to ſhew, as I think fit——That I would die, or fight for her you ſee me bow to—Well then ſtrike up——

SONG, by Mr. *Leveridge.*

I.

VENUS *has left her* Grecian *iſles,*
With all her gaudy train
Of little loves, ſoft cares and ſmiles,
In my larger breaſt to reign.

II.

Ye tender herds and liſt'ning deer,
Forget your food, forget your fear,
The bright Victoria *will be here.*

III.

The ſavages about me throng,
Mov'd with the paſſion of my ſong,
And think Victoria *ſtays too long.*

Y. Book. There's for you, *Jack*; is this not like a fine gentleman that writes for his own diverſion?

Lat. And nobody's elſe.

Y. Book. Now I warrant one of your common ſparks would have ſtamp'd, fretted, and cry'd, What the devil fool'd! jilted! abus'd! while I in metre, to ſhew you how well nothing at all may be made to run——

The

The ſavages about me throng,
Mov'd with the paſſion of my ſong,
And think Victoria *ſtays too long.*

Lat. I begin to be one of thoſe ſavages.

Enter Victoria, Penelope, Lettice *and* Betty.

Vict. We had better have ſtaid where we were, and liſtened to the charming echo, then have come in ſearch of that lyar.

Lat. Do you ſee yonder?

Y. Book. [*Gives the ſign and ſings himſelf.*] Thus, madan, have I ſpent my time almoſt ever ſince I ſaw you, repeated your name to the woods, the dales, and echoing groves———

Pen. Pr'ythee obſerve him. Now he begins.

Y. Book. I had not time to carve your name on every tree, but that's a melancholy employment, not for thoſe lovers who are favour'd with aſſignation——

Vict. Pr'ythee, couſin, do you talk to him in my name.---I'll be ſilent till I ſee farther.

Pen. The ſpring is now ſo forward, that it muſt indeed be attributed to your paſſion that you are not in the field.

Y. Book. You do me juſtice, madam, in that thought, for I am ſtrangely peſtered to be there. Well, the *French* are the moſt induſtrious people in the world—I had a letter from one of their generals, that ſhall be nameleſs (it came over by the way of *Holland*) with an offer of very great terms, if I would but barely ſend my opinion in the uſe of pikes—about which he tells me, their prince and generals have lately held a grand court martial.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lat. Theſe cunning things keep ſtill together to puzzle us—I'll alarm him. Sir, one word———

Vict. Come, come, we'll have no whiſpering, no meſſages at preſent. Some other ladies have ſent, but they ſhan't have you from us.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. I hold myſelf oblig'd to be of the ſame humour ladies are in, Ha! ha! ha! Now pray do me the favour to tell me what I laugh'd at.

Pen.

Pen. Why you muſt know—Your talking of the *French* and war, put us in mind of a young coxcomb that came laſt night from *Oxford*, calls himſelf ſoldier, treats ladies, fights battles, raiſes jealouſies with downright lyes of his own inventing; ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. That muſt be an impudent young raſcal certainly! ha! ha! ha!

Vict. Nay, this is beyond compariſon———

Y. Book. I can't conceive how one of theſe ſneaking Academicks could perſonate ſuch a character: for we bred in camps, have a behaviour that ſhews we are us'd to act before crouds———

Pen. 'Tis certainly ſo—Nay he has been confronted with it, as plainly as I ſpeak to you, and yet not bluſh'd for it, but carry'd it as if he knew not the man.

Y. Book. That may be, 'tis want of knowing themſelves makes theſe coxcombs ſo confident.

Pen. The faithleſs! ſhameleſs! Well then, to ſee if poſſible ſuch a one may be brought to that ſenſe, I tell you, this worthy hero two days ago was in hanging-ſleeves at *Oxford*, and is called Mr. *Bookwit*. Ha! ha!

Y. Book. Well, was it not well enough carry'd?—Pho, I knew you well enough, and you knew me, before you writ to me for Mr. *Bookwit*'s ſon. But I fell into that way of talking purely to divert you.——I knew you a woman of wit and ſpirit, and that acting that part would at leaſt ſhew I had fire in me, and wiſh'd myſelf what I would be half an age to ſerve and pleaſe you—Suffer in camps, all the viciſſitudes of burning heats and ſharp afflicting colds———

Vict. Look you, Sir, I ſhall tell Mrs *Matilda Newton*, your ſpouſe at *Oxford*, what you are ſaying to another lady———

Pen. Pr'ythee couſin, never give your ſelf the trouble to meddle in ſuch a work—One hardly knows how to ſpeak it to a gentleman, but don't touch the affair of ſo impudent a lyar———

Y. Book. Ha! ha! ha! Why madam, have they told you of the marriage too? Well, I was hard put to it there. I had like to have been gravell'd, faith——You were more beholden to me for that, than any thing. Had it not been for that, they had marry'd

ry'd me to Mrs. *Penelope*, old *Getwell's* grandaughter; the great fortune. But I refus'd her for you——who are a greater——— [*Aside.*

Lat. Sir, ſir, pray one word———

Pen. and *Vict.* Stand off, ſirrah.

Vict. You ſhan't come near him, none of your dumb ſigns.

Pen. Then you have refus'd *Penelope*, tho' a greater fortune. What could you diſlike in her?

Y. Book. The whole woman——Her perſon, nor carriage pleaſe me. She is one of thoſe women of condition, who do and ſay what they pleaſe with an aſſur'd air, and think that's enough, only to be call'd fine miſtreſs ſuch a one's manner———

Pen. This is not to be endur'd—I do aſſure you, Sir, Mrs. *Penelope* has refus'd your betters.

Y. Book. I don't much value my betters in her judgment—But am ſorry to ſee you concern'd for her. When I have been at church, where I firſt ſaw you—I've ſeen the gay giddy thing in a gallery watching eyes to make curt'ſies. She is indeed a very ceremonious church-woman, and never is guilty of a ſin of omiſſion to any lady of quality within eye-ſhot——in ſhort, I don't like the woman, and wou'd go to *Tunis* or *Aleppo* for a wife, before I'd take her———

Vict. I cannot bear this of my friend: if you go on Sir, at this rate, *Tunis* or *Aleppo* are the propereſt places for you to ſhew your gallantry in, t'will never be received by any here—I hope ſhe believes me. [*Aside.*

Pen. The lady's in the right on't, who can confide in a known common impoſtor?

Y. Book. Ah madam! how can you uſe a man that loves you, ſo unjuſtly?—But call me what you will, lyar, cheat, impoſtor——do but add, your ſervant, and I am ſatisfied. I have indeed, madam, ran through many ſhifts in hopes to gain you—and could be contented to run through all the ſhapes in *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, cou'd I but return to this on my bended knees, of my fair one's humbleſt ſervant.

Vict. Pr'ythee let us leave him—as you told me, I wonder you can ſuffer him to entertain you ſo long—Leave him, let him kneel to the trees, and call to the

woods

woods if he will——Oh, I could brain him——How ugly he looks kneeling to her! [*Aſide.*

Pen. No, I'll ſtay to plague him more—But what opinion can I have of this ſudden paſſion.—You hardly know me, I believe, or my circumſtances!

Y. Book. No, no, not I—I don't know you, your mother was not alderman *Sterling*'s daughter—your father Mr. *Philips* of *Grays-Inn*, who had an eſtate and never practis'd? you had not a brother kill'd at *Landen?* your ſiſter *Diana* is not dead? nor you are not co-heireſs with miſs *Molly*,——No, madam, I don't know you, no, nor love you.

Pen. I wiſh I had taken her advice in going——He means her all this while. Pſhaw this is downright fooling. Let's go, my dear, leave him to the woods, as you ſay. I wiſh 'twas full of bears. [*Aſide.*

Vict. No,——Now I'll ſtay to plague him.

Pen. No, you ſhan't ſtay—Sir, we have given ourſelves the diverſion to ſee you and confront you in your falſhoods; in which you have entangled your ſelf to that degree, you know not even the woman you pretend to; and therefore, ſir, I ſo far deſpiſe you, that if you ſhould come after me with your fiddles—— I have a porter——Ready to let you in. [*Aſide.*

Vict. I don't know how to threaten a gentleman in that manner: but I'm ſure I ſhall never entertain any man that has diſobliged my friend, while my name's *Victoria!* [*Exeunt arm in arm.*

Lat. Maſter, methinks theſe ladies don't underſtand wit. They are very rough with you.

Y. Book. Ay, they were ſomewhat dull——But really *Victoria* diſcover'd herſelf at her going, methinks agreeably enough——

Lat. I believe they are irrecoverably loſt. Pox on't, when I gave you ſo many ſigns to——

Y. Book. Well, hang thinking. Let's to the tavern, and in every glaſs name a new beauty; 'till I either forget, or am inſpir'd with ſome new project to attain her.

While in a lovely bowl I drown my care,
She'll ceaſe to be, or I to think her, fair. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

Enter Young Bookwit *and* Latine.

Y. Book. THIS *Roebuck* has almoſt done my buſineſs——*Rigby*'s an honeſt fellow, and wou'd not poiſon us. The wine had good-humour, mirth and joy in't. My blood beats high and frolick? What ſays my dear lacquey? ha?

Lat. Why, ſir, I ſay, ſir, that I am in ſo noble, ſo exalted a condition, that I almoſt forget I am your honour's footman.

Y. Book. Do but your buſineſs well to-night——

Lat. Who ſays the tongue ſtutters, legs falter, and eyes fail with drink—'Tis falſe, my dear maſter, my tongue runs faſter than ever—my legs ſo briſk and nimble, that I can't ſtand ſtill; and my eyes are better then ever they were, for I ſee every thing double. But the letter, the letter, I warrant I give it her.

Y. Book. Here, here, *Jack*, take it.

Lat. Let's come nearer the lamp—This is the foul copy of it that 'tis wrap'd in—Let me judge—Now I'll be ſedate——Let me read it again.

Y. Book. But you look curſedly fluſter'd; they'll ſay you're drunk——Let's ſee, I muſt comb your wig a little.

Lat. I ſhall be kick'd for this letter here about the middle—You ſhould not talk of joys too ſoon—You ſhould write miſerable a fortnight, or three weeks longer——I ſhall be kick'd.

Y. Book. What then? what then? A man of your philoſophy muſt needs remember, the body's but the organ of the mind—kicks come under the topick of things without—What ſhall I do for powder for this ſmart bob? [*Combs out his own wig into* Lat.

Lat. 'Tis no matter, ſir, powder comes under the notion of things without.

Y. Book. Oh! but ladies are no philoſophers; but

but as to being drubb'd (thoſe ſtockings too) you muſt fix your imagination upon ſome other object, and you may by force of thought ſuſpend your feeling. The body is but the inſtrument of the mind—and you may command an inſtrument.

Lat. No, ſir, I'd have you to know, I'll ſave my carcaſe by mere dint of eloquence. You have no other orders?

Y. Book. No: but may perſuaſion, grace and elocution hang on thy lips. But if you can come in to *Victoria*, ſhe and the wine you've drank will inſpire you. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Lat. This is the enchanted caſtle which the lady fair inhabits. Ha! Mr. *Simon*, ſir, I'm your moſt humble ſervant——My dear friend——

Enter Simon.

Sim. Your ſervant, good ſir, my lady is with madam *Victoria* at cards—She'll lie here to-night—But all's ruin'd. They are both huge angry with your maſter. But *Lettice* having taken a fancy to you, Mr. *John*, ſpoke up rarely, that ſhe did indeed.

Lat. Can't one come to the ſpeech of her?

Sim. I was ordered to have a ſtrict eye to the door, and let nobody in whatever—I don't care for going up, becauſe ſhe'll ſee I have made a cap of one of the fineſt napkins, for which ſhe'll make a plaguy noiſe.

Lat. Nay, nay, you are exactly of my mind, I love to avoid anger.

Sim. You are a little diſguis'd in drink tho', Mr. *John*—But I han't ſeen you, not I—Go ſtrait up—Mrs. *Lettice* is in the anti-chamber.

Lat. I thank you, dear friend. My maſter bids me upon theſe occaſions—— [*Gives him money.*

Sim. I beg your pardon, good Mr *John*.

Lat. Look you, I am a ſervant as well as you, what do you mean Mr. *Simon!* Come, come, time's precious. When your lady's marry'd, all theſe vales will end.

Sim. Nay, I ſaid behind your back, Mr. *John*, that you were very well ſpoken—Well, put up briſkly. I'll ſtand your friend as much as one ſervant can to another, againſt all maſters and miſtreſſes whatever.

Lat. Thanks, good Mr. *Simon*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *opens and diſcovers* Lettice *reading by a ſmall candle, two large ones by her unlighted.*

Lett. 'Tis a moſt ſad thing, one dares not light a large candle, except company's coming in; and I ſcarce can read this piteous ſtory—*Well in all theſe diſtreſſes and misfortunes, the faithful* Argalus *was renown'd all over the plains of* Arca--Arca--Arcadia—*for his loyal and true affection to his charming paramour,* Parthenia—Bleſſings on his heart for it—there's no ſuch ſuitors now a-days———[*Weeping.*]——But I hope they'll come together again at the end of the book, and marry, and have ſeveral children———Oh! bleſs me! A man here! [*Turns over the leaves.*] The gentleman's pretty man——— [*Aſide.*

Enter Latine.

I wonder by what means, with what impudence, you could offer to come up ſtairs, at this time o'the night, and my lady in the next room—I proteſt I'll cry out. [*In a low voice all.*

Lat. Dear Mrs. *Lettice,* my love to you—— [*Aloud.*

Lett. Hiſt! hiſt! I am methinks, however, loth to diſcover you, becauſe ſervants muſt do as they are bid ——for I know it was not to ſee me, but ſome meſſage from your maſter you came about.

Lat. I offer'd to bring a letter from him, in hopes to ſee you, my deareſt. I'll not give it at all, I don't care, my deareſt. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Lett. Pho! pho! now you are rude, becauſe you know one dare not diſcover you, you do what you will. How he kiſſes one's hand—I warrant he has kiſs'd his betters. Pray did you never live in a lady's ſervice?

Lat. No, nor do I value any of the ſex but your dear ſelf Mrs. *Lettice*—I would be diſcover'd, [*Aſide.* I'm in a rapture! in a flame!

Pen. Within. Who's there? [*Voice within.*

Lett. Hiſt! hiſt! cou'd not you have forc'd a kiſs quietly—Madam———Madam—Hold me faſt——Shew the letter, my lady's coming———I tell you, ſir, ſhe will receive no meſſage at all———Get you down ſtairs, you impudent! Hold me faſter yet, ſhe loves your maſter. [*Softly aſide to* Latine.

Enter

Enter Penelope *and* Victoria.

Pen. What can this mean? What fellow's that has ſeiz'd the wench?

Lett. Madam, madam, here's Mr. *Bookwit's* footman drunk, and has directly ſtole up ſtairs with ſome ill deſign, I fear on me—But has a letter from his maſter to your ladyſhip.

Pen. Call up the ſervants; *Simon*, *William*, *Kate*, *Alſe*; I'll have the raſcal well baſted for his inſolence ——Serv'd juſt as his maſter deſerves.

Lat. kneeling. Let not thoſe lips, more ſweet than labour of *Hybleæan* bees, utter a ſentence, as if a *Libyan* lioneſs on a mountain gave thee ſuck, and thou wert the obdurate offſpring of a rock.

Vict. Hyblæan! Libyan! obdurate! Ridiculous—— The fellow has got his maſter's cant! ha! ha! ha!

Pen. I'll put him out of it, I'll warrant you—— What, will no one come up there?

Enter Servants with Brooms, &c.

Lat. Oh! for the force of eloquence to allay and reconcile the paſſion of this angry manſion—I had like to have ſaid plain houſe, which had been againſt the laws of buſkin, in which I would at preſent talk.

Pen. Did you ever hear any thing like this? ha! ha!

Mad. Madam, ſhall I beat him?

Lat. Ah culinary fair, compoſe thy rage; thou whoſe more ſkilful hand is ſtill employed in offices for the ſupport of nature, deſcend not from thyſelf, thou bright cookmaid—There I ſunk again! with heightned guſts and quickning taſtes, by you what wou'd be labour elſe is made delight. Thou great robuſt, let not thy hand all red aſſault a life it ſhould rather preſerve.

Maid. Good madam, excuſe me, I can't touch him ——I have bowels for him. [*Weeping.*

Simon. I wiſh I had his learning, I'll warrant he buys in every thing where he lives.

Lat. This, madam, this faithful paper tells you the paſſions of the tendereſt heart that ever bled for cruel maid—Oh *Victoria!* did you but hear his ſighs, his reſtleſs hours! ——how often he repeats *Victoria!*

Lett. Victoria! Then I find this is none on't meant to my lady—Nor to me neither——The maſter and the man are both rogues. [*Aſide.*

Pen. Receive your ſeaſonable epiſtle now at midnight!

Vict. He can't mean me——To you he all along addreſs'd—Wou'd I could read it without her. [*Aſide.*

Pen. To ſhew you I value neither author nor bearer of it—Kick the fellow down.

Lat. Nay madam, ſince matters muſt come to extremities, I'd rather have the honour of your ladyſhip's command, to be cudgel'd by your good family, than have it from my maſter. A diſappointed lover in his rage will ſtrike ſtone-walls, and things inanimate, much more a poor live footman. Therefore I muſt deliver my meſſage---I'll read it to you ladies, for I ſee you are friends.

Pen. Away with him.

Lat. *If the ſincerity of my intentions were not*——

Lett. Get out, falſe wretch.

Lat. *Demonſtrable, in ſpite of*——

Maid. Take that——

Lat. *Theſe accidents, in which I have been involv'd, I ſhould not dare to tell you how alternately joys, raptures, extacies, miſeries, doubts, and anxieties do attack a breaſt devoted to you.*

Whither ſhall injur'd virtue fly for ſhelter,
When love and honour ſuffer thus in me!——
Oh! I could rage, call elements about me, ſpout cataracts——
Muſt I be drubb'd with broom-ſtaves? [*Exit. Lat.*

Pen. Come in, my dear, again——The night is cold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovemore *and* Frederick.

Love. It is ſo pleaſant a night, that I will ſee you over the garden to your lodgings——

Fred. That compliment won't paſs upon me——Your reaſon for ſauntring this way is that 'tis near *Penelope*'s.

Love. I come for her ſake! No; ſhould ſhe write, beſeech, kneel to me, I think I ne'er ſhould value her more. No, I'll be no longer her tool, her jeſt; ſhe ſhall not dally with a paſſion ſhe deſerves not—

Fred. 'Twere very well, were this reſolution in your power; but believe me, friend, one ſmile, one glance that were but doubtful, whether favourable, would conquer all your indignation.

Lov. Faith, I'm afraid what you ſay is true.

Fred. Then ſtrive not to be rationally mad, which you attempt, if you think you can at once be at your own command and at another's—Wou'd you be maſter of your ſelf, and have a miſtreſs?

Lov. But I can rebel againſt that miſtreſs.

Fred. Do if you can ——Nay, I'm ſure 'tis in your power, becauſe to-morrow morning you are to fight a rival for her—becauſe tho' you know ſhe lies backwards, and you can't ſo much as ſee her chamber-window, you muſt needs walk hither. Well, I proteſt I'm of your mind; there is methinks now a particular amiable gloom about that houſe—Tho' perhaps to ordinary beholders it is exactly like the others.

Love. You are very witty, I muſt confeſs, at your friend's follies, Mr. *Frederick.*

Fred. I won't then any longer diſturb your meditation, but e'en go home like a dull rogue as I am, and without love enough to any woman, or hatred enough to any man to keep me awake———fall faſt aſleep———I was going to wiſh you reſt, but you are above all that——If it ſhould rain, I'd adviſe you not to forget it does, but go into the *Piazza.* [*Exit.*

Love. 'Tis very well, I'm deſervedly laugh'd at. But the door opens——— *Bookwit*'s footman! [Latine *croſſes the ſtage.*] the maſter I ſuppoſe is there too: I'll watch for his coming out—The morning approaches too ſlowly——He ſhall not ſleep to-night except it be for ever——Oh revenge! Oh jealouſy!———

Enter young Bookwit, *with a Bottle and Glaſs, ſinging.*

Y. Book. *Since the day of poor man,*
That little little ſpan,
Tho' long it can't laſt,
For the future and paſt
Is ſpent with remorſe and deſpair:

With

With ſuch a full glaſs
Let that of life paſs,
'Tis made up of trouble,
A ſtorm tho' a bubble,
There's no bliſs but forgetting your care.

I wonder what's become of poor *Latine*, I wiſh he had a bumper of this—— [*Drinks.*

Lov. I have no patience to obſerve his inſolent jollity; how immoderately joyful my miſery has made him! *Bookwit!*

Y. Book. Lovemore?

Love. What, ſir! are you diverting the thoughts of to-morrow morning's buſineſs with midnight riot? Or is it an aſſignation keeps you out of bed thus late?

Y. Book. An hour or two till morning is not much in either of our lives——Therefore I muſt tell you now, ſir, I am ready for your meſſage.

Love. That conſcious light and ſtars are witneſſes of——

Y. Book. I want no witneſſes——I have a ſword, as you bid me meet you. [*They draw and fight.*

Love. You've done my buſineſs. [*Falls.*

Y. Book. Then I've done what you deſired me. But this is no place for me. [*Exit.*

Enter Conſtable and Watchmen.

Conſt. Where, where was this claſhing of ſwords? ſo ho! ſo ho! you ſir, what are you dead, ſpeak friend, what are you afraid of? If you are dead, the law can't take hold of you.

Watch. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Conſtable*, he ought by the law to be carried to the round-houſe for being dead at this time of night.

Conſt. Then away with him you three——And you, gentlemen, follow me, to find out who killed him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Simon.

Simon. What's the matter, good gentlemen, what's the matter! Oh me! ——Mr. *Lovemore* kill'd——Oh me!

me! my mind gives me that it muſt be about our young lady.

Watch. Does it ſo, ſir? then you muſt ſtay with us. [*Some hold* Simon, *whilſt others carry* Lovemore *off.*]

Sim. I ſtay with you! Oh gemeni! Indeed I can't—They can't be without me at our houſe.

Watch. But they muſt, friend——Hark'e friend—I hope you will be hang'd. ——— [*Whiſpers him.*

Sim. I hang'd! pray ſir, take care of your words; madam *Penelope's*, our young lady's ſervant hang'd! take care what you ſay.

Enter Latine.

Lat. Whither can this *Bookwit* be gone?

Simon. Oh! Mr. *John*, Mr. *Lovemore* is kill'd juſt now, ſince you went out of our houſe; and you and your maſter muſt have a hand in't.

Lat. How! *Lovemore* kill'd! [*They ſeize* Latine.

Enter others with young Bookwit.

Y. Book. Hands off, dirty midnight raſcals—let me go, or———

Conſt. Sir, what were you running ſo faſt for, there's a man killed in the Garden, and you're a fine gentleman, and it muſt be you—for good honeſt people only beat one another———

Lat. Nay, nay, we are all in a fair way to be fine gentlemen, Mr. *Simon* and all———

Conſt. Hands off, raſcals, you ſaid juſt now——do you know what a conſtable is?

Y. Book. The greateſt man in the pariſh when all the reſt are aſleep.

Conſt. Come, come—I find they are deſperate fellows, we'll to the juſtice, and commit 'em immediately. I'll teach raſcals to ſpeak high-treaſon againſt a petty conſtable——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frederick, *and Old* Bookwit.

O. Book. You well may be ſurpriz'd at my waiting here

here for your coming home—But you'll pardon me, ſince it is to eaſe me of an anxiety that keeps me waking.

Fred. I ſhall be very glad if I am capable of doing that.

O. Book. You knew my *Tom* at *Oxford*—and I believe were not ſo hard a ſtudent, but you made ſome acquaintance in the town—Therefore pray tell me—do you know Mr. *Newton* there? his family, deſcent, and fortune?

Fred. What *Newton?*

O. Book. I'll tell you, ſir, what you young fellows take moſt notice of old ones for——A token that you needs muſt know him by——He's the father of the fair *Matilda*, your celebrated beauty of that town.

Fred. I aſſure you, ſir, I never heard of the father or daughter, 'till this inſtant——therefore I'm confident there's no ſuch beauty——

O. Book. Oh ſir, I know your driſt—you're tender of informing me for my ſon's ſake!——He told me all himſelf——I know all the progreſs of his love with the young lady—How he was taken in the night in her bed-chamber by his piſtol going off—the family diſturbance that was rais'd upon't, which he compos'd by marrying——I know it all——

Fred. Is *Tom Bookwit* then marry'd at *Oxford?*

O. Book. He is indeed, ſir, therefore our affairs are now ſo link'd, that 'twill be an ill office both to the *Newtons*, and to us, to conceal any thing from me that relates to them.

Fred. A man can't be ſaid to conceal what he does not know——But it ſeems, it was Mr. *Bookwit* gave you this account himſelf.

O. Book. Yes, ſir; I told you, ſir, I had it from himſelf——

Fred. Then I'm ſure there was nothing left out, he never tells a ſtory by halves——

O. Book. Why then you think my ſon's a lyar.

Fred. Oh fie, ſir, but he enlivens a mere narration with variety of accidents—To be plain, his diſcourſe gains him more applauſe than credit—You could not, I believe, have married your ſon to a leſs expenſive lady

in *England*, than this Mrs. *Matilda*—I'll be ſworn you'll avoid all the charge of gay dreſs, high play, and ſtately childbirth——you underſtand me, ſir?

O. Book. I never could ſee any thing in my ſon, that's diſingenuous, to put his aged father to this ſhame.

Fred. Never fret or grieve for't—He told *Lovemore* this morning, ſuch a relation of his feaſting ladies, and I know not what——that he has brought a tilt upon his hands to-morrow morning——therefore keep him at home——I'll to his adverſary, and ſo we'll convince him of a fault which has ſo ill (tho' not intended) conſequences.

O. Book. You'll highly oblige me, ſir: I'll trouble you no longer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Newgate. Young* Bookwit, Latine, Simon, Storm, *with the croud of jail-birds.*

Storm. I apprehend, ſir, by Mr. *Turnkey* the gentleman there with a broken noſe, that you're brought in for murther——I honour you, ſir,—I don't queſtion but 'twas done like a gentleman——

Y. Book. I hope it will appear ſo.

Storm. I come, I fear, ſir, to your acquaintance with ſome prejudice, becauſe you ſee me thus in irons ——but affliction is the portion of the virtuous and the gallant——

Y. Book. It does not depreſs, ſir, but manifeſt the brave.

Storm. Right, ſir, I find you're noble—you may perhaps have heard of me—my name is *Storm.*—This perſon, my friend, who is called *Faggot*, and myſelf being expoſed by an ungrateful world to feel its cruelty and contempt of ragged virtue—made war upon it—and in open day infeſted their high-road.

Y. Book. Your humble ſervant, gentlemen, I do conceive you——Your ſpirits could not ſtoop to barter on the change, to ſneer in courts, to lye, to flatter, or to creep for bread. You therefore choſe rather to prey like lions, than betray like crocodiles, or fawn like dogs—You took upon you to interrupt the commerce

merce of a cheating world—to unload the uſurer of his anxious pelf, and ſave the thoughtleſs landed boy, he travell'd to undo—with a thouſand ſuch good actions, by which means you two are infamous, for what two millions of you had been glorious.

Storm. Right, ſir,——I ſee you're knowing, ſir, and learn'd in man. This gentleman Mr. *Charcoal* the chymiſt, was our ſecret correſpondent, and as we never robb'd a poor man—ſo he never cheated a fool; but ſtill impos'd on your moſt ſprightly wits and genius—Fellows of fire, and metal, whoſe quick fancies and eager wiſhes form'd reaſons for their undoing. He is a follower of the great *Raimundus Lullius*; the publick think to frighten him into their own purpoſes. But he'll leave the ungrateful world without the ſecret———

Char. You, know, ſir, he that firſt aſſerted the Antipodes, dy'd for that knowledge! and I, ſir, having found out the melioration of metals, the ignorant will needs call it coining—and I'm to be hang'd for't, would you think it?

Y. Book. When, pray, ſir, are you to be immortal?

Char. On *Friday* next—I'm very unhappy our acquaintance is to be ſhort—I'm very ſorry your buſineſs is not over, ſir, that if it muſt be, we might go together.

Y. Book. I'm highly obliged to you, ſir.

Char. Yet let me tell you, ſir, becauſe by ſecret ſympathy I'm yours—I muſt acquaint you, if you can obtain the favour of an opportunity and a crucible——I can ſhew projection——directly *Sol*, ſir, *Sol*, ſir, more bright than that high luminary the *Latins* call'd ſo—Wealth ſhall be yours—We'll turn each bar about us into golden ingots—Sir, can you lend me half a crown?

Y. Book. Oh, ſir, a trifle between ſuch old acquaintance.

Storm. You'll be indicted, ſir, to-morrow—I would adviſe you, when your indictment's read——to one thing——that is——don't cavil at falſe *Latin*; but if by chance there ſhould be a word of good, except to that, and puzzle the whole court.

Y. Book. Sir, I'm oblig'd———

Storm. I defy the world to ſay, I ever did an ill thing.

I love my friend—but there is always ſome little triffe given to priſoners, they call garniſh; we of the road are above it, but o't'other ſide of the houſe, ſilly raſcals that came voluntarily hither—Such as are in for fools, ſign'd their own *mittimus*, in being bound for others, may perhaps want it: I'll be your faithful almoner.

Y. Book. Oh, by all means, ſir, [*Gives him money.*

Storm. Pray ſir, is that your footman?

Y. Book. He is my friend, ſir.

Storm. Look you, ſir, the only time to make uſe of a friend is in extremity————do you think you cou'd not hang him, and ſave your ſelf; ſir, my ſervice to you, your own health.

Priſ. Captain, your health. [*Gives it to the next priſoner.*

2 Priſ. Captain, your health.

Storm. But perhaps the captain likes brandy better. So-ho! Brandy there—[*drinks.*]—But you don't perhaps like theſe ſtrong liquors—Cyder ho! Drink to him in it—Gentlemen all—But captain, I ſee you don't love cyder neither—You and I will be for claret, then—Ah marry! I knew this would pleaſe [*drinks.*] you. [*drinks again.*] Faith we'll make an end on't, I'm glad you like it.

Turn. I'm ſorry, captain *Storm*, to ſee you impoſe upon a gentleman, and put him to charge in his misfortune—If a petty-larceny fellow had done this——But one of the road.

Storm. I beg your pardon, ſir, I don't queſtion but the captain underſtands there is a fee to you for going to the keeper's ſide. [Book. *and* Latine *give him money*] [*Exeunt* Turnkey, Simon *following.*] Nay, nay, you muſt ſtay here.

Sim. Why I am *Simon*, madam *Penelope*'s man.

Storm. Then madam *Penelope*'s man muſt ſtrip for garniſh; indeed, maſter *Simon*, you muſt.

Sim. Thieves! thieves! thieves!

Storm. Thieves! thieves! Why you ſenſeleſs dog, do you think there's thieves in *Newgate?* Away with him to the tap houſe. [*Puſhes him off.*] We'll drink his coat off. Come my little chymiſt, thou ſhalt tranſmute this

this jacket into liquor, liquor that will make us forget the evil day——And while day is ours, let us be merry.

For little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers* Bookwit *on a couch aſleep,* Latine *looking on him.*

Lat. HOW quietly he reſts! Oh that I could, by watching him, hanging thus over him, and feeling all his care, protract his ſleep!
Oh ſleep! thou ſweeteſt gift of heaven to man,
Still in thy downy arms embrace my friend,
Nor looſe him from his inexiſtent trance
To ſenſe of yeſterday, and pain of being;
In thee oppreſſors ſooth their angry brow,
In thee th' oppreſs'd forget tyrannick pow'r,
In thee———
The wretch condemn'd is equal to his judge,
And the ſad lover to his cruel fair;
Nay, all the ſhining glories men purſue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty noiſe:
Who then wou'd court the pomp of guilty power,
When the mind ſickens at the weary ſhew,
And flies to temporary death for eaſe;
When half our life's ceſſation of our being———
He awakes———
How do I pity that returning life,
Which I could hazard thouſand lives to ſave!

Y. Book. How heavily do I awake this morning! Oh this ſenſeleſs drinking! To ſuffer a whole week's pain for an hour's jollity—Methinks my ſenſes are

burning round me—I have but interrupted hints of the laſt night——Ha! in a gaol; Oh! I remember, I remember: Oh *Lovemore! Lovemore!* I remember—

Lat. You muſt have patience, and bear it like a man.

Y. Book. Oh! Whither ſhall I run t'avoid myſelf?
Why all theſe bars? Theſe bolted iron gates?
They're needleſs to ſecure me—Here, here's my rack,
My gaol, my torture————
Oh! I can't bear it—I cannot bear the ruſhing
Of new thoughts——
Fancy expands my ſenſes to diſtraction,
And my ſoul ſtretches to that boundleſs ſpace,
To which I've ſent my wretched, wretched friend.
Oh! *Latine! Latine!* Is all our mirth and humour come to this?
Give me thy boſom, cloſe in thy boſom hide me
From thy eyes, I cannot bear their pity or reproach—

Lat. Dear *Book-wit*, how heartily I love you——I don't know what to ſay——But pray have patience.

Y. Book. If you can't bear my pain, that's but communicated by your pity——How ſhall I my proper inborn woe, my wounded mind?

Lat. In all aſſaults of fortune that ſhould be ſerene,
Not in the power of accident or chance——

Y. Book. Words! words! all that is but mere talk;
Perhaps indeed to undeſerv'd affliction
Reaſon and argument may give relief,
Or in the known viciſſitudes of life,
We may feel comfort by our ſelf-perſuaſion.
But oh! there is no talking away guilt:
This divine particle will ake for ever.
There is no help but whence I dare not aſk;
When this material organ's indiſpos'd,
Juleps can cool, and anodynes give reſt,
But nothing mix with this celeſtial drop,
But dew from that high heav'n of which 'tis part.

Lat. May that high heav'n compoſe your mind,
And reconcile you to your ſelf.

Y. Book. How can I hope it!——
No————I muſt deſcend from man,
Grovel on earth, nor dare look up again!
Oh *Lovemore! Lovemore!* where is he now?

Oh!

Oh! thinking, thinking, why didſt thou not come ſooner,
Or, not now!——
My thoughts do ſo confuſe me now——as my folly and pleaſures did before this fatal accident,—that I cannot recollect whence *Lovemore* was provok'd to challenge me.

Lat. You know, dear *Bookwit*, I fear'd ſome ill from a careleſs way of talking—But, alas, I dreamt not of ſo great——

Y. Book. Ay, there it was—He was naturally a little jealous! Heavens, do I ſay he was! I talk'd to him of ladies, treats, and he might poſſibly believe 'twas where he had engaged—I remember his ſerious behaviour on that ſubject—Oh this unhappy tongue of mine!
Thou lawleſs voluble deſtroying foe,
That ſtill runn'ſt on, nor wait'ſt command of reaſon,
Oh! I cou'd tear thee from me——

Lat. Did you not expoſtulate before the action?

Y. Book. He wou'd have don't; but I, fluſh'd with the thoughts of duelling—preſs'd on—Thus for the empty praiſe of fools, I'm ſolidly unhappy.

Lat. You take it too deeply——Your honour was concern'd.

Y. Book. Honour! the horrid application of that ſacred word to a revenge 'gainſt friendſhip, law, and reaſon, is a damn'd laſt ſhift of the damn'd envious foe of human race. The routed fiend projected this but ſince th' expanſive glorious law from heav'n came down—Forgive.

Enter Turnkey.

Turn. Gentlemen, I come to tell you that you have the favour to be carried in chairs to your indictment, to which you muſt go immediately.

Lat. We are ready, ſir.

Y. Book. How ſhall I bear the eye-ſhot of the croud in court? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Frederick's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lovemore *in a Serjeant's Gown, and* Frederick.

Love. Mankind is infinitely beholden to this noble ſtyptick, that could produce ſuch wonderful effects ſo ſuddenly: But tho' the wound was very ſlight, I'm weak by the effuſion of ſo much blood——

Fred. Yet after all, you have not loſt enough to cool your paſſion. Your heart ſtill beats *Penelope, Penelope!* But in this diſguiſe you have opportunity for obſervation; you'll ſee whether you ought ſtill to value her or not: I'm glad you thought of being brought hither as ſoon as you came to your ſelf; I expect old *Bookwit* every moment here———

Enter Old Bookwit.

There he is———

O. Book. Oh! Mr. *Frederick*—Too late, too late was our care: they met laſt night, and then the fatal act was done—You'll excuſe ſir, a father's ſorrow——I can't ſpeak much, but you may gueſs what I hope from you.

Fred. You may depend upon ingenuous uſage in the proſecution; I'm going inſtantly to *Penelope*'s with this learned gentleman, to know what ſhe can ſay to this matter—I deſir'd you in the note I ſent you, to purchaſe the favour of your ſon's being brought thither, where he and you may be witneſſes of what ſhall paſs. I ſeek not his blood, nor would neglect a juſtice to my deceas'd friend.

O. Book. I believe my ſon and the reſt are going thither ere this; and I deſire this worthy ſerjeant's favour and advice—ſince we both mean the ſame thing, only to act with honour, if his life may be ſav'd——

Lov. I'll do what's juſt to the deceas'd and the ſurvivor.

O. Book. I'll leave you, but will take care to come in juſt afore the criminals arrive——— [*Exit.*

Love.

Love. The poor old gentleman——Pr'ythee let's go, I long to ſee my lovely torment *Penelope.*

Fred. I'll but leave word within. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Penelope's *Lodgings.*

Enter Penelope *and* Victoria.

Pen. It ſeems *Simon* lay out all night, and was carried away by the watch with ſome gentlemen in a quarrel.

Vict. I fancy the men who are always for ſhewing their valour, are like the women who are always talking of their chaſtity, becauſe they are conſcious of their defect in't.

Pen. Right—for we are not apt to raiſe arguments, but about what we think is diſputable———

Vict. Ay, ay, they whoſe honour is a ſore part, are more fearful of being touch'd, than they in whom 'tis only a tender one. But tell me honeſtly, *Penelope*, ſhould poor *Lovemore* be in this rencounter, and that for your ſake, wou'd it have no effect upon you in his favour?

Pen. I don't know how to anſwer you; but I find ſomething in that reflection, which acquaints me 'tis very hard for one to know one's own heart. [*Sighs.*

Vict. However, let your heart anſwer me one queſtion more, as well as it can——Does it love me as well as ever it did?

Pen. Does not, madam, that queſtion proceed from a change in your own?

Vict. It does, *Penelope*, I own it does—I had a long conflict with myſelf on my pillow, laſt night.

Pen. What were your thoughts there?

Vict. That I ow'd it to your friendſhip to acknowledge to you that all the pleaſure I once had in you, is vaniſhed——Ah *Penelope!* I'm ſorry for every good quality you have———

Pen. Since you are ſo frank—I muſt confeſs to you ſomething very like this——But however I envy'd that ſprightly ingenuous native beauty of yours; I ſee it now ſo much the figure of your mind, that I can conquer,

quer, I think I can, any inclination in myſelf that oppoſes the happineſs of ſo ſincere a friend——

Vict. Explain your ſelf, my dear.

Pen. I'll diſcountenance this *Bookwit*'s ambiguous addreſſes—And if *Lovemore* can forgive my late ill uſage—I need ſay no more——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Frederick* below deſires to ſee you, on ſome extraordinary buſineſs.

Vict. I have not time, my deareſt friend, to applaud or thank you—but muſt run in—He comes from *Lovemore*——remember [*Exit.*

Pen. Let him come up—Now can't I for my life forbear a little tyranny.

Enter Frederick *and* Lovemore.

Pen. Good-morrow, ſir; I believe I know your buſineſs—you're officious for your friend—But I am deaf.

Fred. I know you are, and have been; but I come only to do him a laſt office—He'll trouble you no more, but I muſt conjure you to read this, and inform this learned gentleman what you know of this misfortune.

Pen. Reading. *Your cruelty provok'd me to deſire the favour of dying by Mr.* Bookwit*'s hand, ſince he had taken from me more than life, in robbing me of you—farewel for ever—I direct* Frederick *not to give you this, 'till I am no more*—Writ in his blood!—'Till I am no more——*Lovemore* no more! Thou ſhalt not be no more—Thou ſhalt live here for ever. Here thou deareſt paper, mingle with my life's ſtream: Either the paper bleeds a-new, or my eyes weep blood—So let 'em do for ever——Oh, my *Lovemore!* Did the vanity of a prating boy baniſh thy ſolid ſervices and manly love?

Fred. This is no reparation to him for his loſt life, nor me for my loſt friend—Yet when you pleaſe to receive 'em, I am obliged to deliver you ſome papers, wherein he has given you all the fortune he could beſtow; nor would revoke it, ev'n thus injur'd as he was.

Pen.

Pen. Curſe on all wealth and fortune! he, he is gone, who only deſerv'd all, and whoſe worth I know too late.

Lov. Oh exſtaſy! why was I angry at her rejoicing at my ſorrow, when hers to me is ſuch a perfect bliſs? 'Tis barbarous not to diſcover my ſelf! [*To* Fred.

Fred. Do, and be us'd barbarouſly——But, madam, you muſt be compos'd; your life for aught I know is at ſtake, for there is no ſuch thing as acceſſaries in murder; and it can be prov'd, you knew of *Lovemore's* threatning to fight *Bookwit*——You muſt either take your tryal yourſelf, or be Mr, *Bookwit's* witneſs.

Pen. His witneſs!—No,——I'll ſwear any thing to hang him.

Fred. Ah, madam, you muſt conſider yourſelf however—Pray, ſir, read her indictment to her.

Lov. Reading. *That on the ſaid third day of* April, *the ſaid* Penelope, *of the pariſh of St.* Martin's *in the fields, ſtinſter, without fear before her eyes, but by the inſtigation of the devil, through an evil pride of heart*——

Pen. 'Tis too true—— [*Weeping.*

Love. Did contrive, abet, and conſent to the death of John Lovemore, *Eſquire, of the age of twenty-eight years, or thereabouts.*

Fred. I can't bear the mention of him without tears. He was the ſincereſt friend.

Lov. I think I have ſeen him——He was, I've heard, a man of honeſty, but of ſomething a diſagreeable make.

Pen. Oh! ſir, you never ſaw him, if you think ſo——His perſon was as free as his mind was honeſt, nor had he imperfection, but his love of me. [*Weeps.*

Lov. I tremble, I ſhall diſoblige her too much. [*To* Fred.

Fred. You ſhan't diſcover yourſelf, you ſhall go thro' her ſoul, now 'tis mov'd on our ſide—Win her now, or ſee my face no more—I'll not have my wine ſpoil'd every night, with your reciatls of love, and asking advice, tho' you never mean to take it like a true lover.

Pen. When did that beſt of men expire, good Mr. *Frederick?*

Fred. This morning: But ſhould I ſpeak the manner.

ner. With a faint dying voice he call'd me to him—I went in tenderneſs to take my long farewel—He in a laſt effort of nature preſt me to his breaſt, and with the ſofteſt accent ſigh'd in death, *Penelope.*

Pen. Oh the too generous man? Ungrateful I?
Curſes on him firſt flatter'd with his tongue,
On her that firſt diſſembled in her ſilence———
What miſeries have they entail'd on life,
To bring in fraud and diffidence in love?
Simplicity's the dreſs of honeſt paſſion,
Then why our arts, why to a man enamour'd,
That at her feet effuſes all his ſoul,
Muſt woman cold appear, falſe to herſelf and him?

Fred. Do you ſee there—You'd have ſpoke before ſhe conſider'd that——— [*Aſide to* Love.

Pen. Oh! cou'd I ſee him now, to preſs his livid lips,
And call him back to life with my complaints,
His eyes would glare upon my guilt with horror,
That us'd to glote and melt in love before me———
Let mine for ever then be ſhut to joy,
To all that's bright and valuable in man!
I'll to his ſacred aſhes be a wife,
And to his memory devote my life. [*Exit.*

Lov. This is worth dying for indeed—I'll follow her.

Fred. No, you ſhan't; let her go in—throw herſelf upon her bed, and hug, and call her pillow *Lovemore.* 'Tis but what you've done a thouſand times for her.

Lov. That's true too.

Fred. Let her contemplate on the miſchief of her vanity: ſhe ſhall lament 'till her glaſs is of our ſide——'Till its pretty nies be all blubber'd, its heart muſt heave and pant with perfect anguiſh before 'twill feel the ſorrow of another's. Don't you know pride, ſcorn, affectation, and a whole train of ills muſt be ſobb'd away, before a great beauty's mortified to purpoſe.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Old Mr. *Bookwit* enquires for you here, Mr. *Frederick.*

Fred. Pray let him come up.

Enter

Enter Old Bookwit.

Lov. What's the matter? you ſeem more diſcompos'd than you were at Mr. *Frederick*'s; ſomething ſtill new.

O. Book. I ſaw the boy a coming in a chair, he looks ſo languid and diſtreſs'd, poor lad!—He has all his mother's ſoftneſs, by nature of the ſweeteſt diſpoſition——Oh! gentlemen!——You know not what it is to be a father——To ſee my only child in that condition——My grief quickened at the ſight of him; I thought I could have patience, 'till I ſaw him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There are two or three in chairs deſire admittance by appointment.

O. Book. 'Tis right, ſir.

Enter Bookwit, Latine, *and* Gaoler.

Oh my dear child, oh *Tom!* are all thy aged father's hopes then come to this, that he can't ſee thee his only ſon, but guarded by a gaoler?——Thy mother's happy, that liv'd not to ſee this day——Is all the nurture that ſhe gave thy infancy—the erudition ſhe bequeath'd thy youth, thus anſwered?——Oh, my ſon! my ſon! riſe and ſupport thy father! I ſink with tenderneſs, my child, come to my arms while thou art mine.

Y. Book. Oh beſt of fathers!
Let me not ſee your tears, don't double my afflictions by your woe——
There's conſolation when a friend laments us, but when a parent grieves, the anguiſh is too native,
Too much our own to be called pity.
Oh! ſir, conſider, I was born to die——
'Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing;
Ages and generations paſs away,
And with reſiſtleſs force, like waves o'er waves,
Roll down th'irrevocable ſtream of time,

Into

Into the inſatiate ocean for ever—Thus we are gone.
But the erroneous ſenſe of man——'tis the lamented
That's at reſt, but the ſurvivor mourns———
All my ſorrows vaniſh with that thought,
But heav'n grant my aged father patience.

O. Book. Oh child! [*Turning away.*

Y. Book. Do not torment yourſelf, you ſhall promiſe not to grieve——
What if they do upbraid you with my death———
Conſider, ſir, in death that our relation ceaſes,
Nor ſhall I want your care, or know your grief.
It matters not whether by law, or nature, 'tis I die.
What, won't my father hear me plead to him?
Don't turn from me——
Yet don't look at me with your ſoul ſo full.

O. Book. Oh my child, my child—I cou'd hear thee ever.
'Twas that I lov'd thee, that I turn'd away.
To hear my ſon perſuade me to reſign him,
I can't, I can't. The grief is inſupportable.

Y. Book. You make a coward of me with your anguiſh.
I grow an infant, ſcarce can weep with ſilence,
But let me keep ſome decency in my diſtreſs.

O. Book. If we might be apart——
[*Looking at the company,*
But that's too much to hope.

Goal. No, no, we'll leave you to your ſelves,
[*Exeunt.*

O. Book. I have too much upon me, child to ſpeak———
And indeed have nothing to ſay, but to feed my eyes upon thee, e'er we part for ever, if tears would let me——When you have ſlept in your cradle, I have wak'd for you———and was it to this end——Oh child, you've broke your father's heart. [*Swoons.*

Y. Book. Good heav'n forbid it—guard him and protect him.
He faints, he's cold, he's gone; [*Running to him.*
He's gone, and with his laſt breath call'd me parricide.
You've broke your father's heart! Oh killing ſound!
I'm all contagion, to pity me is death.

My

My griefs to all are mortal but my ſelf.
You've broke your father's heart! If I did ſo,
Why thus ſerene in death, thou ſmiling clay,
Why that calm aſpect to thy murderer?
Oh big unutterable grief——Merciful heaven!
I don't deſerve this eaſe of tears to melt
With penitence——Oh ſweet, ſweet remorſe,
Now all my powers give way
To my juſt ſorrow, for the beſt of fathers, [*Aloud.*
Thou venerable fountain of my life,
Why don't I alſo die, deriv'd from thee?
Sure you are not gone——Is the way out of life
Thus eaſy, which you ſo much fear'd in me?
[*Takes him by the hand.*
Why ſtay I after? but I deſerve to ſtay,
To feel the quick remembrance of my follies.
Yet if my ſighs, my tears, my anguiſh can atone——

Re-enter Frederick, Lovemore, Latine, Gaoler, Victoria, *and* Penelope.

Fred. What is the matter?—What?——

Y. Book. Behold this ſight, I am the guilty wretch——

Fred. Keep aſide a little, ſir, he only ſwoons, I hope; I think he breathes—yes he returns—you muſt compoſe your ſelf.

Lat. Poor *Bookwit*, how utterly he ſeems diſtreſs'd.

O. Book. I will be calm—reſign to heav'n and hear you patiently.

Fred. You, ſir, his favourite ſervant, pray ſpeak honeſtly the truth of what you know, to this learned gentleman, who is council in this caſe.

Y. Book. Sir, he is not——

Lov. Pray, ſir, give the ſervant leave firſt.

Lat. Know then, I am not what I ſeem, but a gentleman of a plentiful fortune. I am thus dreſs'd to carry on ſuch gay purſuits as ſhould offer in this town——Not to detain you, Mr. *Bookwit* ſent me late laſt night, with a letter to one of theſe ladies——Coming from thence, as I croſs'd, I ſaw *Lovemore* in the Garden; he ſtopp'd me, and after ſome queſtions concerning my meſſage to this houſe, to which he did

not

not like my anſwers, he ſtruck me; we fought——— I left him dead upon the ſpot, of which this gentleman is guiltleſs——

O. Book. How! was it you then, that kill'd Mr. *Lovemore?*

Lat. 'Twas this unhappy hand gave him his death, but ſo provok'd———

Y. Book. Who could believe that any pleaſing paſſion
Cou'd touch a breaſt loaded with guilt like mine?
But all my mind is ſeiz'd with admiration
Of thy ſtupendous friendſhip———What then——
Could'ſt thou hold thy innocent hand up at a bar
With felons, to ſave thy friend?
How ſhall I chide or praiſe thy brave impoſture?
Ah! ſir, believe him not—He cannot bear the loſs of me, whom he o'ervalues; therefore with higheſt gallantry he offers a benefit which 'twere the meaneſt baſeneſs to receive.
But death's more welcome than a life ſo purchas'd.

Lat. We all know you can talk, and gild things as you pleaſe, but the lady's ſervant knows I was taken near the body, when you———

Y. Book. Sir, do but hear me— [*Puſhing away* Lat.

Lat. I'll eaſily convince you. [*Puſhing away* Book.

Y. Book. Pray mind him not, his brain is touch'd—

Lat. I am the man, he was not near the place———

Lov. I can hold out no longer———*Lovemore* ſtill liveth to adore your noble friendſhip, and begs a ſhare in't. Be not amaz'd! but let me graſp you both, who in an age degenerate as this, have ſuch tranſcendent virtue———

Y. Book. Oh *Lovemore! Lovemore!* How ſhall I ſpeak my joy at thy recovery———
I fail beneath the too ecſtatick pleaſure———
What help has human nature from its ſorrows,
When our relief itſelf is ſuch a burthen!

O. Book. Oh the beſt burthen upon earth! I beg your pardon, ſir,———I never was ſo taken with a man in my life at firſt ſight. [*Kiſſes* Love.] Let me be known to you too. [*To* Lat.

Lat. Sir, you do me honour———

O. Book. But you, ladies, are the firſt cauſe of the many

many errors we have been in, and you only can extricate us with ſatisfaction——Such is the force of beauty——The wounds the ſword gave this gentleman were ſlight, but you have transfix'd a vital and a noble part, his heart—Had I known his pretences, I had not interpos'd for my ſon———

Fred. Come, madam, no more of the cruel—Go on, *Lovemore*; o'my conſcience the man's afraid 'tis impudence to be alive again—You ſee him now, madam, now you may preſs his livid lips, and call him back to life with your complaints.

Lov. I ſtand methinks, upon the brink of fate, in an ambiguous interval of life, and doubt t'accept of being 'till you ſmile. In every human incident beſides,
I am ſuperior, and can chuſe or leave,
But in minuteſt things that touch my love,
My boſom's ſeiz'd with anguiſh, or with tranſport.

Pen. You've ſhewn your paſſion to me with ſuch honour, that if I am confus'd, I know I ſhould not be, to ſay I approve it———For I know no rules ſhould make me inſenſible of generous uſage——My perſon and my mind are yours for ever.

Lov. Then doubts and fears and anxious cares be gone.
All ye black thoughts that did corrode my breaſt;
Here enter faith, and confidence, and love!
Love that can't live with jealouſy, but dwells
With ſacred marriage, truth, and mutual honour.
I knew not where you wou'd beſtow your vows,
But never doubted of your faith when given.
[*Kiſſing her hand.*

O. *Book.* You ſee, my ſon, how conſtancy's rewarded!
You have from nature every quality
To make you well become what fortune gave you:
But neither wit or beauty, wealth or courage,
Implicitly deſerve the world's eſteem,
They're only in their application, goods———
How cou'd you fight a man, you knew not why?
You don't think that 'tis great, merely to dare?
'Tis that a man is juſt he ſhould be bold;
Indeed you have err'd.

Lov.

Lat. You give my friend, methinks, too much compunction for a little levity in his actions——— when he's too ſevere in's own reflections on 'em.

Pen. Well, *Victoria*, you ſee I take your advice at laſt in choice of *Lovemore.*

Vict. I congratulate your miſſing of the other.

Pen. I heartily believe you, my dear friend.

O. Book. But we beſt guide our actions by hopes of reward. Cou'd but my ſon have ſuch a glorious proſpect as this fair one, [*To* Victoria.] I doubt not but his future carriage wou' deſerve her.

Vict. I believe I may ſafely promiſe to approve of all the truth he tells me.

Y. Book. You've promiſed then, to like all I ſhall ſay.

O. Book. Theſe unexpected good events deſerve our celebration with ſome mirth and fiddles.

Fred. I foreſaw this happy turn, therefore have prepar'd em——Call in the dancers.

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SONG.

SONG,

By Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

I.

THE rolling years the joys reſtore,
Which happy, happy Britain *knew,*
When in a female age before
Beauty the ſword of juſtice drew.

II.

Nymphs and fauns, and rural pow'rs,
Of cryſtal floods and ſhady bowr's,
No more ſhall here preſide:
The flowing wave and living green,
Owe only to their preſent queen
Their ſafety and their pride.

III.

United air, and pleaſures bring,
Of tender note, and tuneful ſtring.
All your arts devoted are
To move the innocent and fair:
While they receive the pleaſing wound,
Echo repeats the dying ſound.

[ſhare,

Y. Book. Since ſuch deſerv'd misfortunes they muſt
Who with gay falſhoods entertain the fair;
Let all with this juſt maxim guide their youth,
There is no gallantry in love but truth. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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